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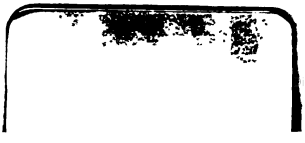

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COMPILED BY TENELLA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

RALEIGH:
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WOOD-NOTES.

Ingola.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER BIBLE.

"She raised the precious volume and kissed it, felt the impression of the letters, and from that time read with her lips."

Oh blessed book, how dear thou art!
How precious to my youthful heart!
Blind as I am, how could I live
Without the hopes thy pages give?
Once I could see, and loved the light,
But more the brightness of the night;

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But now I know not night from dawn,
My eyesight is for ever gone.
I wept not when the truth I knew,
My heart at once strong, man-like grew.

I thought without a single tear,
Of every thing to me most dear
I knew the flowers would bloom and die,
Unnoticed by my darkened eye;
And that the stars would still shine on,
And bright would break the summer morn;
And yet the fount of tears seemed dry,
No "heart dew" cooled my burning eye,
But mournfully while others slept,
I thought of *all*, but never wept.

I could not weep, for hope was gone,
Submission in my heart was born,
And I could silent stand, and hear
My mother's voice fall on my ear,
And know I'd never see her smile
Fondly, tho' sadly, on her child.
And even calmly I could bear
To hear my Father's voice in prayer,
And only sigh his face to see,
When fervently he prayed for me.

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Yet when, dear book, they brought me thee,
Made for all those who cannot see,
And bade me hope I yet should read,
And with my hand my mind should lead;
And when those hands they kindly placed
So every letter might be traced,
Oh agony! to feel that when
My hopes were brightest, even then
Despair should o'er my spirit steal;
My callous fingers *could not feel!*

Yet e'en as darkness darker seems
An hour before the morning beams,
So on my dark and gloomy night,
Was soon to dawn a morrow bright.
For in my grief I wildly grasped,
And to my heart thy pages clasped;
I kissed them o'er and o'er again,
Until my mind, and heart, and brain,
I felt with untold rapture reel,
For I could read—*my lips could feel.*

Ah! then I wept those joyful tears,
Full recompense for joyless years,
Forgotten was each gloomy day,
The clouds of grief were rolled away,

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My heart o'erflowed with grateful love,
And soared in praise to God above;
And ever while thy words they press,
My lips that God of love shall bless.

THE THREE ANGELS.

Weary of a summer's day,
A young child threw his toy away,
And resting 'neath the willow's shade
Slept sweetly in the forest glade.
One little hand supports his head,
The greensward is his fragrant bed;
While zephyrs cool his forehead fair,
Or play among his sunny hair.

He dreams—and lo! before him sees,
Three angels resting on the breeze:
First *Innocence*, with melting eye
Comes near, and sighs as angels sigh,
Then holds before his eager sight
A robe,—a spotless robe of white.
A snowy lily too she brings,
Half hidden by her drooping wings.

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These, she exclaims, are for the child,
Who's ever gentle, meek and mild.
The boy, while yet the angel spake,
Stretched forth his hand the gift to take,
But stopped, as *Memory* nearer came,
And while she called him by his name,
Held in his view a mirror bright,
Which sparkled in the sunset light.

"Read, child,"—he heard the angel say,
"The wicked things you've done this day,
See passion here and mark you there,
Forgotten was your morning prayer,
This casket bright I brought for you
If you could wear the white robe too."
The boy looked down and murmured low,
"The robe is not for me I know."

To wipe away his gathering tear,
The angel *Hope* at once drew near
"My crown," she said, "was for your brow,
I see you cannot wear it now,
But weep not, darling, for, next year
We all again shall meet you here.
Improve the time, that you may wear
The treasures that we each may bear."

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The child awoke—I heard him say,
"I'll better spend each coming day;
That I may have the casket bright,
And wear the spotless robe of white."
Each day he went to God in prayer,
Each day he found assistance there;
And when the year had flown again,
Slept sweetly in the forest glen.

The angels came and brightly smiled,
While looking on the lovely child,
And Hope exclaimed, that for his brow
Her Golden crown was suited now,
While Innocence her robe displayed,
And smilingly the child arrayed;
And memory on her glass could trace,
Almost an angel's form and face.

And sweetly then the angels sang,
The greenwood with the echoes rang,
"This sinful child of mortal birth,
Is now too pure—too good for earth,
He wears the crown of diamonds bright,
The lily and the robe of white,
We'll join him to the angel band,
And take him to the happy land."

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LINES

At early morn in life's young day,
When sunlight gilds my joyous way,
When life's a dream, and care unknown,
And Hope's young buds are but half blown;
Before thy throne I lowly kneel,
Thy presence in each blessing feel,
And there repeat my morning vow—
Ιησου σε αμνε του Θεου!

At noon when blessings brighter seem,
Than at the morning's early gleam—
When friends are clustering by my side,
And Hope's bright flowers expanded wide;
Remembering whence these blessings came,
And trusting in Thy mighty name,
Before Thee let me humbly bow—
Ιησου σε αμνε του Θεου!

When evening's gloom is gathering fast,
And shadows o'er my life are cast—
When friends forget the vows they made
At morn, and noon—in evening's shade,

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When Life is real, Hope has fled,
And every earthly comfort dead,—
Submissive to thy will I'd bow,
Ιησου σε αμνε του Θεου!

LINES TO THE SLATESVILLE DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Float on—float on, thou gallant bark,
Float o'er the deep blue sea,
And safely bear upon its waves
The noble and the free!
Be still, old Ocean—calmly breathe,
Nor dash thy billows high;
Be still—and mirror on thy waves
The tranquil summer sky.

Float on—nor fear the threat'ning storm,
For firm and strong thou art,
From stem to stern—from keel to mast
Secure in every part;
No woman's hand thy white sails wove,
Or spun thy mighty shrouds,
No fragile reed supports thy flag,
Which floats among the clouds!

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No careless workman shaped thy prow,
Or placed thy timbers strong,
No 'prentice hand thy rudder turns,
To guide the vessel wrong.
No; for a master-workman's skill
Planned thy majestic form,—
Fixed every timber to withstand
The fury of the storm.

I know thy Pilot—and tho' time
Has slightly marked his brow,
With stately step he takes his stand
Triumphant at thy prow;
His practised eye detects the rock,
The foam embedded shoals,
And where far in the deep blue sea
The dashing whirlpool rolls.

May Heaven still protect the man,
And spare him to thy crew,
And make him faithful to his trust,
And to his calling true!
And may each gallant sailor prove
With steady step and eye,
How "strong he is to do the right,"
The tempter to defy.

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And on thy deck fair Ceres stands
'Midst golden heaps of corn,
And yellow sheaves, and harvest wealth
From thousand sources drawn;
She scatters round her bounteous store,
Nor fears the traffic dire,
Which can with fiendish hand convert
Her gifts to liquid fire.

Float on—thou peaceful bark—float on,
Make glad the Mother's heart,
For from a dangerous port she saw
Her son in thee depart.
Float on—and may thy prosperous course
Soon quell the pale wife's fears,
And cause her budding hopes to bloom,
Tho' oft bedewed with tears.

Float on—for many a maiden's heart
Implores for thee success;
And morn and eve her prayers ascend,
Thy crew and thee to bless!
Well may she pray—too well she knows
While gazing on thy deck,
Her broken, crushed, and ruined heart
Would follow soon thy wreck!

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Still onward—onward may you speed,
Borne by propitious gales,
Which with the sparkling billows play,
Then fill thy snowy sails.
Still may thy gallant, noble crew,
Be strengthened day by day—
Float on, float on, thou Temperance Bark,
God speed thee on thy way.

TO MY MOTHER.

I've been since we parted, with friends kind and dear,
With those I would love to have ever near;
But my heart is still faithful wherever I roam,
And turns with delight to the lov'd ones at home.

I've been in a crowd, with the thoughtless and gay,
Where fashion and beauty were holding their sway;
Yet, while with my tongue I re-echoed their glee,
My heart sought communion, dear mother, with thee.

And music I've heard in such thrilling strains,
The blood bounded quick with delight thro' my veins;
But every sweet note, plaintive, joyous, or clear,
Made me think of thee, mother, and wish thou wert near.

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And when the proud top of the Pilot I gained,
My heart glowed with pleasure, with rapture unfeigned;
Yet still when I gazed on the welkin's deep blue,
Untutored, fond memory turned ever to you.

Yes, thus will it be in my journey through life,
Forgetful of pleasure, forgetful of strife,
My heart will be faithful, wherever I roam,
And turn with delight to the loved ones at home.

"HIGHER."

"HIGHER!" shouts the school-boy proud,
Bursting from a merry crowd,
"Linger sluggards on the plain,
I will yonder eyrie gain."
Beams his eye with conscious pride
On the scene outstretching wide;
And yet he sighs—his toil was vain—
There is no higher point to gain.

"Higher!" breathes he with a sigh,
As the student turns his eye,

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First upon the glowing page—
Record of some by-gone age—
Then, where upon the scroll of fame
Imagination paints his name,
Burns within Ambition's fire,
"Future ages write it higher."

"Higher!" shouts the man whose brow
Bends beneath its laurels now;
On the highest steep I'll stand,
Win it by this trusty hand.
Worthless would my spirit be,
If above me I could see
Another rise and honors claim,
Which should cluster round my name!

"Higher!" breathes the Christian, too,
As before his favored view,
Brightly comes the world above,
Angels, Saints—the God of Love!
"Higher let my motives be,
Father, keep me near to Thee;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings,
High above all earthly things."

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A LADY TO HER LOVER.

I'm thinking, dearest, of the time,
That bright and sunny day,
When first I wandered by your side,
'Twas in the month of May,
When flowers sprung in wood and dell,
And on the mountain side
The ivy and the laurel bloomed,
Its rugged cliffs to hide,
And nature's minstrels gaily sung,
The sky was bright above,
But you and I were strangers then,
And had not learned to love.

I'm thinking of the mountain spring,
And of the fallen tree,
That lies across the sunny stream;
That place is dear to me.
I'm thinking of the leaf you sought,
High on the mountain's brow,
Intended for my album, love,
I have the treasure now.

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And you remember, too, I ween,
The tree and drooping vine,
Beneath whose shade you spoke your love,
And asked me to be thine.

I wonder what has changed you so,
For then upon your brow
A shade of sadness ever hung,
That cloud has vanished now;
And then you wandered o'er the past,
Thro' days of darkness gone,
But now within your heart I know
The light of hope is born.
Oh dearest, I was happy then,
Beneath that old grape-vine,
And loved you tho' I could not give
A promise to be thine.

But time may change both you and me,
In each defects we'll find,
On mine I know you'll kindly look—
To yours I will be blind.
And tho' our sweet romantic dreams
May fade away with youth,
Gray Time can never rob my heart
Of constancy and truth.

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And dearest, when we take those vows,
Uniting us for life,
Kind Heaven will teach my willing heart
To be a faithful wife.

THE MOTHERLESS.

'Tis eve, a cold autumnal eve,
And round a blazing hearth,
A father and his children draw,
But not to-night in mirth;
Sadly upon the cheerful flame,
And vacantly they gaze,
But no bright laughing eye reflects
The ruddy sparkling blaze.
For Death, long hovering o'er the group,
Led forth, with icy hand,
To-day—the mother and the wife
From this dear household band.

Sweet innocents! they little know
The depth of their great loss,
How sad and lonely on thro' life,
The motherless must toss.

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But *he* with crushed and bleeding heart,
Sits near a vacant chair,
With arm thrown round it as in days
When Isabel was there.
No tear steals down his pallid cheek,
'Tis grief too deep for tears,
A grief that must increase with age,
And strengthen with his years.

As time glides on, a thoughtless world
Say he has ceased to grieve,
But ah! 'tis only that false world
His calmness can deceive;
As yonder 'neath that ice-bound stream,
The current still must sweep,
While in the cold moonlight it seems
All motionless to sleep;
So in his heart that tide of woe
Still deeper wears its way,
While mem'ry's sad but fragrant boughs
Droop o'er it day by day.

He misses every where the hand
Which made his home so dear,
And feels all things are sadly changed
Since that loved hand was here.

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The vine she trained with tasteful care
Upon the cottage walls,
In wild festoons and broken boughs
Upon the door-step falls;
Her Mock-bird, too—neglected now,
Has ceased to plume his wing,
And weary, waiting for her step,
His lay forgets to sing.

At evening, when he hies him home,
He misses at the gate
The beaming eye and cheerful smile
Accustomed there to wait;
The little fingers, too, that sought
And firmly clasped his own,
The kiss upon his fevered cheek,
The soft and silvery tone.
But oh! 'tis in his dreary home
He misses most her care;
His wild neglected children tell
No mother's hand is there.

Dear Willy—his proud manly boy,
Whose strong impetuous will,
His mother's calm and gentle tone
Could in a moment still;

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Ungoverned now each plaything claims,
And no resistance fears,
From little Katie's pleading look,
And sad unchildlike tears.
His angry words like burning coals
Fall on his father's heart,
As visions of his future course
Prophetic seem to start.

And Katie—his frail gentle one,
Calls up again his tears,
For in her sweet, expressive face
The absent one appears.
So like an angel, too, she seems,
As kneeling by his chair,
With folded hands in broken words
She lisps her evening prayer.
He almost fears her spirit bright,
May with her prayer take wing,
And by her angel mother's side
Its morning praises sing.

And Ally, too, his baby boy,
Joins in with feeble moan,
And seems to whisper to his heart,
"Thou art indeed alone."

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But when with lullaby he tries
To soothe his cry of pain,
It dies upon his trembling lip,
For she appears again,
And takes the place where long ago
With deep but tearful joy,
She carolled that sweet household lay
To soothe his eldest boy.

A mother's love! how like the clasp
Of some bright, fragile chain,
Which broken once, no artist's skill
Can e'er unite again.
For, one by one, a severed link
Is on Life's ocean tost,
A plaything for each restless wave
Till every link is lost.
But may the fragments still be kept
By one whose name is Love,
Until He makes His jewels up,
And clasps them all above.

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Abraham Forrest Morehead.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

A VERISIMILITUDE.

"All Nature through her lifeless offspring speaks
Of man, to man."—ANON.

THE Earth was new—Creation smiling rose
From ancient Chaos, and delighted seemed
To hear her Lord and Author predicate
That all her goodly frame was perfect made.
As yet the Mountains were but little hills—
No River yet meandering sought the Sea—
The Sea itself was slowly gathering in
His multitude of waters to his bed.
Forth from his mother-fount emerging came
The infant Mississippi; slowly moved

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His slender stream among the new-born flowers,
As one that feared advance and seemed ashamed
To show his poorness to the light of day.
Along the plain no gurgling noise he made,
But silently he crept and kissed the stems
Of those kind flowers that gave him guardian shade.
As yet no sunshine drank his treasures up—
No breeze disturbed his soft tranquillity—
Till by the tributes of his kindred rills
He feels his stream to swell—his current grow—
His speed increase, and all his powers expand.
No longer now he creeps, the modest brook,
But merging into light, he gives his waves
To revel with the Zephyrs, and to sport
In mutual dalliance with the solar beam.
The torrent's pride forbids him now to fear,
His courage waxing bolder, he disdains
To turn aside and shun the craggy height,
But pours adown the steep precipitous
With sullen roarings to the gulf below,
And then collecting in the dark ravine
His chafed waters, white with angry foam,
Resumes his course, nor heeds what contravenes.
The ponderous rock moved from his seated base—
The half-grown trees snatched from their native soil,
Are rolled away with his impetuous stream.

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Now grown a river, in his manly pride
He moves majestically slow; nor heeds
The lesser streams that come to feed his course.
A multitude of mighty rivers came,
To own their vassalage and reverence due,
And seek admittance in his princely train—
Preferring to an independent course,
To be the subjects of so great a lord,
And in his favor share.

A thousand leagues
From East to West the distant fountains sent
Their tributary stores to swell his tide;
Whilst each acceded flood in concert joined
To hail the Monarch River, Sire of Streams!
What spirit—be it born of Earth or Heaven—
With such access of strength and wide domain
And myriads of perennial parasites,
Would not have felt his secret soul expand
And swell to high ambition? Deem not then
That he—the mighty Mississippi—felt unmoved
His princely greatness: Fondly did he dream
That mother Earth owned him her eldest born,
And gloried in his growth, and gave him power
To be the lord o'er her dominions vast—

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To move for ever—and to swallow up
With his Saturnian jaws her younger brood
Of Mountains, Lakes, and ev'n his kindred streams.
But soon his visions fled; and with their flight
Came sudden terror and debasing awe.
Athwart his course the great Atlantic lay—
The youthful Ocean glorying in his might—
From East to West, from South to North outspread,
Extended yet through earth his circling shores.
Amazed the Giant River halts, and looks
Upon the Giant Sea. Instinctive dread
Seized on his wavering soul. His foremost waves
Recoil; and with his greatest force he strives
To turn his flood of waters and re-seek,
Through his long course, his fountain source again.
In vain he strives; for his incumbent stream,
In which he placed his glory and his pride,
Now downward drives him with its growing weight.
Fate had decreed the sources of his power
To be the sources of his ruin too.
Too late he saw his sad mistake: Ev'n now
Annihilation gaped to seize his prey.
With fell despair and all the mad impulse
Of disappointed greatness once enjoyed,
He TORE his stream into an hundred parts,

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And headlong rushing into Ocean's depths,
Was lost amid the caverns of the deep.
The winged breezes whistled o'er his grave—
The sullen waves his funeral anthem sung.

THE HILLS OF DAN.

The world is not one garden spot,
One pleasure-ground for man;
Few are the spots that intervene,
Such as the "Hills of Dan!"

Though fairer prospects greet mine eyes
In Nature's partial plan,
Yet I am bound by stronger ties,
To love the Hills of Dan.

The breezes that around them play,
And the bright stream they fan,
Are loved as scenes of childhood's day,
Amid the Hills of Dan.

Here, too, the friends of early days,
Their fated courses ran;

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And now they find a resting-place
Amid the Hills of Dan.

Ye saw the twilight of my dawn,
When first my life began;
And ye shall see that light withdrawn,
My native Hills of Dan.

Whatever fortune may ensue,
In life's short changeful span,
Oft mem'ry shall turn back to view
My native Hills of Dan.

The love that warms this youthful breast
Shall glow within the man;
And when I slumber, may I rest
Amid the Hills of Dan.

CONSCIENCE, REFLECTION AND REPENTANCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Through life's Sahara wild and drear,
A little streamlet pure and clear,
Of magic powers, coursed its way,
With rippling waters bright as day.

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Pellucid as the dews of night,
Reflective as the mirror bright,
But bitter as the hellebore,
That sullies Anticyra's shore.
Inclining o'er its waters grew
A little thorn-bush, rough to view,
Whose every branch, as though 'twere hung
With magic voice and secret tongue,
Breathed softly as the breeze pass'd by,
In undistinguished symphony,—
"O! mortal, cast thine eyes below,
"And mark the scenes those waters show."
Then all, who pass'd that way, did look
With anxious eyes into the brook!
Thought they, it must a wonder be,
That words come from a lifeless tree.
Now soon as did their wond'ring sight
Upon the glassy surface light,
Amaze and terror held them fast,
As though the Martial Maid had pass'd
Before their eyes her Ægis dread,
Which bore Medusa's ghastly head.
Nor figure, form, nor countenance
Reflected met th' inquiring glance;
But all the crimes their hands had wrought,
And every ill-designing thought,

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The by-gone days of life had known,
Bright as reality were shown.
The murd'rer saw his victim, slain
  Full twenty years before;
The robber saw the goods he'd ta'en;
The monarch saw the captive chain,
  A guiltless nation wore;
And every other son of crime,
  With deep conviction burned,
When, spite of desolative time,
  His deeds anew returned.
And some there were, who from the brook
Straight turned their horror-stricken eyes—
For mortal firmness scarce could brook,
A view of such realities—
And wandering far; as though a dream,
Forgot the warnings of the stream.
But others felt the painful dart
Remorse had plunged into the heart,
But knew not where to find the aid
To heal the wound; yet there delayed,
And gazed with one unvaried look,
Like statues pendent o'er the brook.
Then from the little tree issued—
That little tree in aspect rude—
These accents, breath'd in gentle tone—
"O! mortal, now thy guilt is shown,

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'Tis time to wash away the stain,
And free thyself from error's chain;
This little stream will lead thee where
Thou'lt find a solace for thy care—
But follow its descending course—
Enough! Thou know'st thy last resource."
Then died the breeze the boughs among,
Nor more its magic accents rung;
Then whoso heard the voice obeyed,
Nor longer in suspense delayed,
And followed down the purling stream,
Till to a gloomy lake they came,
By sable clouds encircled round,
As lurid as the Styx profound,
(Of Hell the circumfluent bound.)
Of light was seen no cheerful beam,
Save now and then a transient gleam,
Which darted from the other shore,
But, quick as lightning's flash, pass'd o'er;
Yet by the glimmering ray was seen,
Far o'er the wave a cheering scene—
A verdant land that seem'd to invite
All who beheld the welcome sight.

Some wished to cross, and on the brink
Hesitating stood; for if to sink

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Should be their doom, the waters deep
Would yield them quite unwelcome sleep.
E'en some did quit the dismal shore,
To wander the bleak desert o'er,
And found, too late, at life's dread close,
The woful road their folly chose.
But others of more dauntless mind,
Intrepid left the shore behind;
And while Hope whisper'd sure success,
And fruits of endless happiness,
They spurned aside the gathering spray,
And fearless cut their wat'ry way,
Till landed on the wished-for shore,
They saw their cares and toils all o'er.

The stream that gave their crimes to view,
And flowed life's dreary desert through,
Was Conscience called: the mirror bright,
That brings transgressions all to light;
The bush was called Reflection too,
Which prompted mortals what to do.
Repentance was the gloomy lake,
Through which mankind the world forsake,
And of a Holy land possessed,
Fulfil their Maker's high behest.

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Mr. MOREHEAD, a few weeks previous to his death, which took place in his 22d year, had a slight attack of pleurisy, from which he hoped he had recovered. A few days before that sad event, he left his office and went to his brother-in-law's, where he was attacked by measles, which terminated his existence. After his death the following lines were found in his office, written on a scrap of paper, which seem to indicate a presentiment that he never would return.

As the young knight, in times of chivalry,
When, with his vassal host, he stood prepar'd
To voyage with his king to eastern climes,
And fight for his Redeemer's sepulchre—
Ere yet he spread his canvas to the gales
That were to waft him from his home and friends,
And all the endearments of his native land—
Upon the rind of the long-during beech
Left deeply carved, the letters of his name;
That (when another land his home should be,
If living—and, if dead, his sepulchre)
Those whom he lov'd might look upon that name,
And sadly think of him, whom yet to see
Years might forbid, or death himself deny:
So I, just launching on life's troubled sea,
With wealth, and fame, and greatness, for my stars
To guide; bound for a clime to me unknown,
But well assured I go without return!

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Would leave, among the scenes and friends of youth,
One slight memorial, as a pledge to those,
Who, in remembrance, wish to hold my name,
To tell them, when they would forget, that once
They knew a man who was their friend, and long
A near companion of their youth, and whom
They did not deem unworthy of their love!

THE GENIUS OF DAN.

The famous old Bards of antiquity say,
Each object terrene has a quick'ning fay,
Like the soul which animates man;
They teach there are spirits in oceans and seas,
In mountains and rivers, in forests and trees,
And why may not I, with such warrants as these,
Attribute a Genius to Dan?

Oh yes, there are spirits wherever the mind
Amid the wide compass of Nature can find
Aught that gives pleasure to scan,—
It shows its own soul with the charm it enjoys,
And when it holds converse, tho' wanting a voice,
The language of feeling is all it employs,
And such is my Genius of Dan.

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Oh lovely creation! tho' fancied thou art,
Yet few *real* friends are so dear to my heart,
Since our acquaintance began;
For truly I deem thee as wholly mine own—
A part of myself, coming from me alone,
Who gave thee a being, and gave thee a throne,
And called thee the Genius of Dan.

Yes, well can I mind when concealed on the banks,
I drew to my ambush the bright finny ranks,
Then homeward exultingly ran;
And while my acknowledgments justly I knew,
For this my good fortune to some one were due,
Some secret interpreter held to my view
Bright imaged,—the Genius of Dan.

I stood on the hills and surveyed from my height,
All the beauties that Summer displayed to my sight,—
The bright flowing stream as it ran,—
The wide-spreading wood and the corn-laden field,
The peace and contentment that Plenty revealed,
And who but some spirit these blessings could yield?
I thought 'twas the Genius of Dan.

There rose in the midst of that beautiful scene,
A village whose aspect was dreary I ween,
When first its existence began;

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But now all that lonely appearance has fled,
And Beauty, and Talents, and Riches instead,
Have risen as Laz'rus arose from the dead,
Awoke by the Genius of Dan.

Accept, lovely Spirit, this tribute of lays,
This first feeble effort—a hymn in thy praise,
From a son of thy mountain clan,—
And believe me, I love thee, whatever thou art;
From mem'ry thine image shall never depart,
Till some of thy daughters shall steal off my heart,
And rob thee—bright Genius of Dan.

MOUNTAIN ECLOGUE.

DAMON AND DELIA.

DELIA.—The setting sun sinks in his watery bed,
His parting rays illume the mountain tops,
The western clouds are tinged with fiery red,
And silent night her sable curtain drops.
Far in the east the silvery queen of night
Her lucid orb above th' horizon shows,

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Dan's placid stream reflects her languid light,
And all creation seeks its calm repose.
Nought strikes the ear except the sullen roar
Of swollen waters, which down the cascade pour,
Or the faint murmurs of the nightly breeze,
That rustles in the tops of stately trees.
Here Damon, for a moment we will roam,
To view the scene ere darkness calls us home:
But tell me, for I wish to know, whose cot
That is which rises in yon lonesome spot?
Its paltry frame is sinking to decay,
Yet once it must have known a better day.

DAMON.—Yes, it has known a better day; but he
Who claimed it once, has long since ceased to be
A tenant of this world; I know not where
He fled, too pure for this untoward sphere—
But for your pleasure I'll rehearse the tale
Of lonely Adolf, poet of the vale.
Secluded from the world in solitude,
Dwelt Adolf in yon cottage rude;
Ambition's lot he never learned to crave,
Nor to blind avarice grew a sordid slave;
Free from the grovelling passions of mankind,
His soul by every virtue was refined;
His mind undimm'd by education's glare,
Unpolished, shone in all its brightness rare:

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For Nature claimed him as her fav'rite child,
And nursed him in this solitary wild,
Breathed in his breast the love the Muse inspired,
Till all his soul with ecstasy was fired.
Oft have I seen him in some lonely wood,
Where aged oaks and lofty poplars stood,
Declaiming to the rocks and trees around,
While zealous echo strove to catch the sound,
And when 'twas caught, rehearsed it o'er and o'er,
As tho' her ears were ne'er so charmed before.
He spoke the words which inspiration gave,
Or impulse prompted, harsh, uncouth, and grave,
Untuned to music, unrestrained by rhyme,
Just such as spoke the bards of olden time,
When from the buoyant feelings of the breast
Their songs poured forth, in numbers uncompressed;
And when he ceased, the oak low bowed its head,
And gave assent to what the recluse said:
The breeze again resumed its whistling noise,
Which hushed before to list the poet's voice;
The groves again with choral music rung—
The birds before had ceased, to listen while he sung.
The evening zephyr fanned the mountain stream,
The rippling wave had caught the last sunbeam,
The latest bird his vesper song carrolled,
When thro' the groves in listless mood I strolled,

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Afar, beneath yon ancient sycamore
That lifts its head where * Widemouth's waters roar.
I saw lone Adolf stand in pensive mood,
And silent watch the swift-descending flood;
Unseen, unheard, I secretly drew nigh,
And viewed him o'er with scrutinizing eye;
I longed to know with what intent he sought
This lonesome place, or what unquiet thought
Engaged his mind, and on his feelings wrought;
But whilst I gazed he stooped down to the brook,
And from the stream some limpid water took;
First tasted it, then threw it to the ground,
Stepped back a pace, and wildly looked around.
When none he saw—for I was hid—he broke
The gloomy silence, and these words he spoke:
"Thou Spirit of the waters, hear my prayer."

SPIRIT.—"What wouldst thou, mortal?"

RECLUSE.— "That thou shouldst bear
Me, weary of this nether-world, on wings
Of subtle air, to that bright world where springs
The fount of endless pleasure; where the day
Is infinite, and old age and decay
Are absorbed in youth; where a genial sun
Invigorates whate'er it shines upon.

*A Cascade in Rockingham Co.

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This is my sole request; tho' strange it be,
Refuse it not,—for much I long to see
The land where poets dwell—and of their band to be."

SPIRIT.—"Thy strange request by me shall be obeyed,
Safe to Elysium thou shalt be conveyed—
Yet this I grant to none on earth
Save thee: I hold thy virtue and thy worth
As well deserving what I shall bestow.
But see, 'tis growing late—and time that we should go."
He said—and from the gulf arose a cloud,
And quick around him threw its misty shroud,
Concealed him from my sight, then onward flew,
And 'scaped from earth into th' ethereal blue!
Such, Delia, is the tale I had to tell:
Fond mem'ry bids my buoyant bosom swell
Whene'er I stand in this sequestered spot,
And think on him who graced yon mouldering cot;
His sterling virtue and his noble mind
Showed one bright diamond 'mid the rubbish of mankind.

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Mrs. George C. Mendenhall.

TO THE FEARFUL.

"Why are ye fearful, oh, ye of little faith."

The stars of Palestina smiled
  Above the sea of Galilee,
Like Angels o'er a blessed child
  That slumbers on its mother's knee;
And balmy as the infant's breath
  Beneath its mother's waving hair,
The zephyrs gently rose beneath
  The sails that softly glided there.

The warring spirit spread afar
  The raven wing of rayless gloom,
And shrouded every glowing star
  Now trembling o'er the vessel's doom;

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He bade the tempest winds prepare
To make the fated bark his own;
His signal was the lightning's glare,
His watch-word was the thunder-tone.

From shore to shore his mandate rang,
And from the water's mirror'd breast,
The maddened billows wildly sprang
Like maniacs from a lucid rest.
"The ship was covered with the waves,"
The hardy seamen ceased to toil,
And wide the deep's sepulchral caves
Were opened to receive their spoil.

Serene amid the awful storm
That hurled destruction round his head,
One holy, meek, and lowly form
Reclined upon an humble bed;
His spirit rested from its woes,
The lightning flashed, the thunder pealed
In vain: in calm and deep repose
His eye was closed, His ear was sealed.

With lips that wore the hue of death
His poor disciples gathered near,
The whispered prayer of fainting faith
To breathe into His gracious ear;

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"Save, Lord! we perish!" and He rose,
And hushed the storm and stilled the flood—
That meek and lowly man of woes—
The all triumphant Son of God!

Oh! all triumphant Son of God,
My night is stormy, dark, and wild;
See from Thy bright and blest abode
Thy fainting, frail, despairing child!
Save, or I perish! Lord, arise!
Let earth as Heaven obey Thy will,
Thy word can rule the gloomy skies,
Oh, bid my fearful heart "*Be still!*"

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Miss Ann Boye.

TO A BIRD IN THE WINTER.

Still, still art thou warbling,
Tho' snow-flakes are falling,
And leafless and bare is the old cherry-tree;
I love thy sweet hymning,
Thy song of thanksgiving,
And fain would be learning a lesson from thee.

Tho' the hedge yields no berry,
The old tree no cherry,
Thy heart knows no fainting, thy spirit no fear;
Thy instinct still leading
To trust to God's feeding,
And praise him with wild notes, melodious and clear.

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Thy vision doth borrow
No shade from to-morrow,
With gladness thou eatest the crumb of to-day,
While hope lights thy dream
With the warm summer beam,
Which is coming to hasten cold winter away.

Then, dear little friend,
Thy melody blend
With the voice of the storm as it rushes along;
I see thee e'en now
On the green cedar bough,
And am waiting to catch the first gush of thy song.

It whispers of gladness
It mocketh at sadness,
And tells of a trust which no trials can shake.
Thou surely wert sent
To teach me content,
So the lesson right home to my bosom I'll take.

In life's bleak December,
Oh! then I'll remember
What thou hast unconsciously taught me to know;
That I may retain,
'Mid sorrow and pain,
The joys that from faith and humility flow.

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IVANHOE AND REBECCA.

Oh, hither she comes, the loveliest of flowers
That e'er bloomed in haughty old Albion's bowers;
So soft is her step, and so bright is her eye,
She looks like some Seraph when treading the sky.

So thought the brave knight, as Israel's daughter
Came skilled in the art by Miriam taught her,
To bind up his wounds, his fears to beguile,
And win from the sad-hearted warrior a smile.

Now say, as she guides the dark menial's hand,
As each balsam is spread at her gentle command;
Can Ivanhoe look on a vision so fair,
And think of aught else than the beauty so rare?

His passionate gaze on the girl doth reveal
Too much of Love's rapture for Wilfred to feel;
She saw it; hope wished in her bosom to stay,
But thoughts of Rowena soon chased it away:

While he felt such emotions could only remain,
To darken his honor and tarnish his fame;
So stemming the torrent, its progress was stayed,
And his heart was again with his own plighted maid.

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Ah, no! poor Rebecca, though grateful he be,
The stream of his love will no more flow to thee;
The faith of thy fathers a barrier would prove,
Which thy own humble virtues could never remove.

For the blood of Messiah on Judah doth rest,
In robes of oppression her children are drest;
Her harp on the willow is silently hung,
And the veil of reproach o'er her offspring is flung.

Thou desolate daughter of Isaac the Jew,
The hearts which care for thee are humble and few;
Thy beauty, thy virtue, thy talents are bound
In chains by the hand of stern destiny wound.

TO MARY.

Mary, I love thy very name,
For it has music in it,
Far sweeter than the mock-bird's song,
Or warblings of the linnet.

It wears not fancy's fluttering robe,
Just woven for a fairy;

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But sweetest of all household words,
Is plain and simple "Mary."

It is not meet that vulgar souls,
The mean or vile should bear it;
But like an ever verdant wreath,
The pure and good should wear it.

Such was the mother of our Lord,
So meek in her devotion!
And she who sat at Jesus' feet,
And chose a heavenly portion.

While e'en the sinful Mary shed
Tears of such deep contrition,
That for her sins and follies past
She found a full remission.

The "Marys" sought the Saviour's tomb
At blush of earliest dawn;
'Twas "Mary" wept in hopeless grief,
To find her Lord was gone.

And "Mary!" was the first fond word
The risen Saviour spoke,
When soon within her troubled heart
The wildest rapture broke.

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Then let thy youthful steps pursue
The righteous paths they trod,
And still with growing ardor seek
The presence of thy God.

And when the thunders of His wrath
The affrighted world shall hear,
His voice will gently breathe thy name,
And greet thy ravished ear.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Deep in the vale a little flower,
In modest beauty grew;
All snowy white its petals were,
Its eye of heavenly blue.

It was a trembling tim'rous thing,
Hiding beneath its leaf,
Which hung a broad green banner out
As if to give relief.

A woodman passed one summer morn
Adown the flowery vale,

Digitized by Google

And stopped to breathe the incense rare
That floated on the gale.

And close within his pathway soon,
The wee-bit flower he spied;
And the woodman feared to crush its bloom,
And turned his steps aside.

A tall old oak, with an hundred arms,
Upon the hillside stood;
It was the boast of the country round,
And the pride of the forest wood.

Its head went flaunting towards the sky,
Its root deep in the earth;
And it seemed to say as it stood up there,
"I'm a tree of noble birth."

But the woodman lowered the glittering axe,
Which on his shoulder lay,
And cut around its massive trunk
Throughout that livelong day.

And with the sun's last golden beam
There came a startling sound;
And the tall old oak, with its lofty crest,
Lay trembling on the ground.

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The proud in heart shall have a fall,
Thus must it ever be;
But cherished, sought, and prized of all,
Is the soul's sweet flower *Humility*.

THE PIECE OF BLUE.

A lady on the eve of a trip to the mountains, remarked to her little boy they might, in crossing, pass through a cloud. He exclaimed with delight, "Oh, then, I'll get a piece of the blue!"

Mother, I'll go thro' the cloud with you,
For then I can have a piece of the blue;
Of the blue, blue sky that hangs so fair,
High o'er my head in the radiant air.

Mother, we'll go through the cloud and see,
What that beautiful thing can be:
Often I've turned a curious eye
Up to the blue and far-off sky.

And thought as each white cloud I numbered,
That some pure spirit on it slumbered,
While round his bed a curtain fell,
Of the violet's hue I love so well.

Digitized by Google

Mother, it surely can be no harm
If I should stretch my tiny arm,
And take a piece to bear away,
Down to the earth where mortals stay.

You say good angels hover near me,
Perhaps to them it might endear me,
To see me fondly cherish a prize,
Which I had brought from their own bright skies.

Over the mountain summit wild
Our steps may rove, my artless child;
But tho' in the clouds our feet we wet,
The prize you seek is higher yet.

Yea, you may climb the loftiest peak,
Deepening the flush on your sunny cheek;
And the height would only serve to show
How distant the ether's trembling glow.

Your eager hand would fail to touch
The blue your heart desires so much;
And sickened still with hope deferred,
Your wings would droop, my little bird!

'Tis ever thus on earth, my boy,
Attractive seems each coming joy,

Digitized by Google

And still we strive, but strive in vain,
From them contentment to attain.

But there are hills by us untrod,
Where stands the city of our God;
And if your soul be good and true,
There you shall reach the "piece of blue."

THE WAKING BOY.

He waketh—he waketh—
My beautiful boy!
Up, up from his slumbers
He springeth with joy!
With the grace of simplicity,
Shakes off repose,
And out 'mid the breezes
And sunshine he goes.

He waketh—he waketh—
His soul-beaming eye,
Already hath stolen
A glance from the sky;

Digitized by Google

While rosy-clad morning
Hath brought the delight,
Which fancy but told of
In whispers by night.

He dreameth no longer—
The angels have flown
To the unshadowed region
They claim as their own,
And left this bright cherub
To gladden the day,
And make us all happy
While they are away.

He waketh—he waketh—
How all things rejoice,
As comes like an echo
His musical voice!
Now ringing with gladness,
Now murmuring low,
And soft like the streamlets
As onward they flow.

He waketh—he waketh—
With bird, bee, and flower,
He's out 'mid the dawning,
To welcome the hour;

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But nothing in Nature
Seems half so divine,
As this snow-drop of heaven,
This sweet boy of mine.

Digitized by Google

Walker Pearce.

ODE TO LOVE.

O, TELL me not those sunny hours
Illum'd by Love's divinest powers,
Must fade away like summer flowers,
To bloom no more:

But rather say they will return
Beyond the dark sepulchral urn,
And still more softly, brightly burn,
E'en than before.

For what were hopes of heaven worth
That break the tend'rest ties of earth,
And doom its fondest joys at birth
To fell decay?

Digitized by Google

Think'st thou the light which gently beams
From Woman's eye in kindling streams,
Shall wrap the soul in blissful dreams
But for a day?

Or shall it like a beacon guide
The spirit o'er life's stormy tide,
And sweetly linger by its side
In realms above?

Here, here this ceaseless light shall be
The leading star on rapture's sea;—
For naught could charm Eternity
But thee—oh Love!

THE BIRTH OF HOPE.

As yet Hope was not; for all was bliss,
And bliss fruition is and certainty;
But when our grand-dam sinned, and Paradise,
By that one act of disobedience, closed
Its gates against our parents, and return
The flaming ministers of God debarred;

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As lingered they to gaze once more upon
Its sunny walks, and groves, and fountains cool,
Repentance touched the heart of Eve; her eye
Tear-drops distilled, which coursing down her cheek,
Fell on a violet, and from the flower
Forth came fair Hope, a maiden all complete.

VESPERIA.

When Even decks with sparkling seal
The bosom of the west;
And bids exhausted Nature steal
Into the arms of rest,—

What time the songsters of the vale
Infold their languid wings;
And listen to the plaintive tale
That Philomela sings,—

Down where the purling streamlet glides,
With trembling steps I rove:
Lost to Ambition's distant guides,
Led by the wanderer Love!

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Vesperia! does thy beauteous face
Illume the Sylvan bower?
Hast thou forgot our trysting-place,
Nor mark'd the signal hour?

Oh! haste thee, love!—the tinted east
Reveals the Queen of Night;
And every star appears to feast
On visions of delight.

SONG OF THE GONDOLIER.

O'er crystal lake and flowery vale
The silver moon is beaming:
Each light Gondola's dazzling sail
Upon the breeze is streaming—
The tender lute's
Soft echo shoots
To greet the starlit skies;
But oh, less bright
The glowing night
Without thy radiant eyes!

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Then, come my Love—thy fairy form
Amidst Venetia's daughters,
Shall add a more resplendent charm
To deck the beauteous waters—
Tho' tender lute's
Soft echo shoots
To greet the starlit skies;
Yet oh, less bright
The glowing night
Without thy radiant eyes!

TO LOVE.

Come, gentle Muse, thy sway restore,
And strike the harp to love once more;
For never did those chords impart
A strain more welcome to the heart:
Pour then thy numbers on the breeze,
Till Nature share our ecstacies,
And spread the pleasing theme around
From hence to Ocean's utmost bound.
Thou knowest how a rosy child,
With golden ringlets streaming wild,

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And pouting lip, and dimpled chin,
And eye that look'd the soul within,
One summer eve tripp'd o'er the plain,
And wreath'd me in his mystic chain—
Oh! let the sweet delicious thrill
Hold empire in my bosom still,
Intoxicating every sense
With its transporting influence!
Say, is there aught of human bliss
On earth,—in heaven to equal this—
When Love first glides a smiling guest
Into the young and panting breast?
Ah! bid me all—all else resign,
But ne'er this visitant divine.
What tho' the star of glory wane,
And fortune's gifts flow past amain?
The lustre of a melting eye
Shall honor, wealth, and joy supply—
If frequent in the walks of men
A pensive shade flits o'er my brain,
'Tis Woman—whose mysterious power
Hath ruled me from my natal hour:
In crowded mart—or wilderness,
The memory of some floating tress,
Some form will o'er my vision stray,
And steal me from myself away.

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And e'en with her—that being bright!
If dazzled by the magic light,
My cheeks disclose the flush of shame,
And timid tremors seize the frame,
'Tis that no words—no tones reveal
The thousandth part I'm doom'd to feel!
There glideth not a graceful form,
There throbbeth not a bosom warm,
There flasheth not a winning glance
Beneath yon azure void's expanse,
But findeth in this soul of mine
A fond response—a willing shrine.
O, when my spirit call'd from hence,
To Fate shall yield her last defence,
May scenes as dear before me bloom,
To gild with flow'rs of hope the tomb,
As met the rapt Arabian's view,
When piercing deep the distant blue,
The Houri-host those charms unfurl'd—
A faith which shook the Eastern world!
Thus, Woman, o'er my pathway rise,
And lead thy votary to the skies!

Digitized by Google

Charles C. Rahotean.

LINES

Written off Pico, one of the Azores, or Western Islands, celebrated for its Peak, which is next in height to the Peak of Teneriffe, August, 1838.

Clouds rest on Pico's steep and lofty brow,
And all unruffled is the tranquil face
Of gentle ocean; which resembles now
One vast extent of smooth, transparent glass—
Save the long restless swell, which ever o'er
Its bosom heaves, when storms disturb no more.

So pleasing is the scene,—so calm, so still,
Fain would my bosom catch its peaceful hue;
Still all its tumults and forget its ill
As twilight settles on the waters blue;
And busy memory, lulled awhile to sleep,
Perplex no more the wanderer o'er the deep,—

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Whose mind revisits now his native shore,
Where fond affection, round the household hearth,
With anxious bosom, hears the tempest roar
And howl around the mansion of his birth;
And weeps to think that such a storm may be,
A brother's dirge—his grave the treacherous sea.

Yet o'er these bounding billows, fleet and free,
With heart undaunted has this wanderer come;
And leaving, for the excitement of the sea,
The fond endearments that adorn his home;—
He smiles to think that e'en the stormy wave,
Can bring no terrors for the free and brave.

But now, no storms disturb the ocean's breast;
No angry billows dash toward the sky;
Its heavings cease—its waves are all at rest,
And smiling nature slumbers peacefully:—
With fragrance from the land, the breezes creep
O'er the rough wave—and stormy passions sleep.

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LINES WRITTEN WHILE ENTERING THE PORT OF FAYAL.

Land, oh! from our masthead—the cheerful cry
Has called all hands on deck to view the scene;
Here craggy rocks uprear their summits high,
And many a rolling cloud appears between.
Bleak are the hill-tops—barren to the view—
And seared as though with hot volcanic fire:
They frown upon the face of ocean blue,
As if they bade defiance to its ire.

Yet even here—upon this rocky land,
O'er the few level spots of kindly soil,
Dame Nature scatters with a bounteous hand
Her richest fruits, rewarding man for toil.
And even here—so craggy, rude, and wild,
Did Freedom rear her banner in the air,
And spread abroad her institutions mild,
Man might be happy, and the land be fair.

But here no Freedom reigns—priestcraft alone
Has ruled for ages o'er man's prostrate mind;
Here superstition rears her iron throne,
And triumphs in the slavery of mankind.

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This is no home for me—I could not give
My neck a footstool for the proud and high;
Beneath thy banner, Freedom, let me live,
Before thy blazing altars let me die!

TO THE STORMY PETREL.

Written at sea.

Bird of the sea! that loves the storm,
And skims the bounding billow's foam!
Where dost thou rest thy tiny form?
Where may we seek to find thy home?
Loud roars the tempest thro' the sky,
And still the wild winds whistle o'er,
Weather and lee we see thee nigh,
Or flitting on the waves before.

The Linnet loves the hazel bush,
And sings around it all day long;
The Mock-bird and the speckled Thrush,
Awake the greenwood with their song:—
The Sparrow twitters in the morn,
To greet the dawning of the day,
And round her dwelling in the thorn,
Warbles a sweet melodious lay.

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But thou, lone bird! o'er ocean's foam,
When winds are piping loud and high,
A rover with no constant home,
Utterest thy wild and plaintive cry;
And dancest on the topmost spray,
In perfect recklessness and glee,
Then flittest lightly far away
O'er the rough billows of the sea.

But when the waves are calm and still,
Precursor of the coming storm,
We deem thee harbinger of ill,
Nor greet with smiles thy flitting form;
Yet wanderer o'er the deep, like thee
I've been upon the ocean long,
And heard the stormy winds howl free,
And listened to their wildest song.

Companion of my stormy way,
I bid thee now a long farewell;
No more with thee to skim the spray,
No more upon the waves to dwell.
My long-lost home I seek once more,
Affection bids me welcome there—
No more to hear the tempest roar,
No more the restless waves to dare.

Digitized by Google

The Hon. Robert Strange.

THE SMILE OF LOVE.

A SMILE of Love! sweet, gentle thought,
How thronging with thee come,
With every dear affection fraught,
All memories of home.

We see the happy infant smile
Upon the mother's breast;
In sportive playfulness the while,
Or sunk in dreamy rest.

There, too, the mother's smile of Love,
With angel-fondness glows,
Like some stray sunbeam from above,
Upon a budding rose.

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And holier thoughts than language bears,
That smile of Love bespeaks;
Although the brow a sadness wears,
And tears are on the cheeks.

What volumes in those thoughts we scan!
What varied hopes and fears,
Of what awaits that future man,
In lapse of coming years!

And e'en of time they leap the goal,
And search beyond its bound,
For what may there betide the soul—
Eternity—profound.

Paternal Love, too, has its smile,
Most Godlike in its form;
Lighting the filial hearth the while,
Amid life's wildest storm.

Yet sadness mingles with its light,
That warns, as still it cheers,
Of sorrow coming, oft to blight
The buds of opening years.

And here we mark a sweeter smile,
(The heart none sweeter knows;)

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All ills of life it doth beguile,—
The smile true Love bestows.

The smile that timid Beauty wears,
Guileless, yet full of art;
When first to own, her bosom dares
The chosen of her heart.

A smile that nerves the soul for strife,
On Time's uncertain stream;
And gilds the darkest hour of life,
With its resplendent beam;—

That heightens every roseate hue,
Each fragrance makes more sweet;
Truth, in its light, becomes more true,
And earthly joy complete.

It warms the heart—it melts the soul—
Enkindles soft desire;
From vice it purifies the whole,
In its delicious fire.

There's yet another smile than this,
In radiance far above;
Filling the soul with holy bliss,—
'Tis God's own smile of Love.

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Ay! truly, 'tis a smile of Love,
A cheering comfort given,
To man when banished from above,
A relic of lost Heaven.

This glorious smile all Nature wears,
Naught can its brightness shroud;
Its sweetness each kind rainbow bears
Upon the darkest cloud.

For, smiles of Love in Beauty's eye,
Tho' sweet, can scarce compare,
With Rainbow love-smiles in the sky,
Which tell us God is there!

THE ROSE-BUD OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Would you gather a garland of beauty bright?
You should wander at dawn, or by pale moonlight,
While the breeze is fresh on the opening flowers,
Or their leaves are moist with the dewy showers;
One Rose you should gather, and gladly entwine her,
The soft opening Rose-bud of North Carolina.

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Nay, go where you will, over mountain or plain,
In country, or city, where gay fashions reign,
Wherever Columbia's daughters are found,
Fair blossoms of beauty are scattered around:
But yet there is one, among all much the finer,
The fresh-blooming Rose-bud of North Carolina.

In gay festive halls, where the music is sweet,
And beauties like blossoms, in fresh garlands meet,
Where light, like a flood, is poured over the scene,
And fragrance floats round, as where roses have been;
The chief place of all, every eye will assign her,
The beautiful Rose-bud of North Carolina.

In home's quiet scene, where the heart loves to dwell,
Mid joys that no tongue to a stranger can tell,
Whatever the life you are destined to live,
One blossom is needed, her fragrance to give;
Go gather that blossom, and never resign her,
The sweet, gentle Rose-bud of North Carolina.

When sickness and sorrow shall visit your home,
Sad guests, though unbidden, that surely will come,
To have by your pillow a blossom like this,
Will make e'en your death-bed a region of bliss;
Her breath makes the soul every moment diviner,
The pale drooping Rose-bud of North Carolina.

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EARTH'S LULLABY TO HER CHILDREN.

At morn my children all scamper away,
Their hearts full of hope and of mirth,
To join with each other in life's wild play,
Forgetful of kind Mother Earth.

But hungry or thirsty they think of me,
And turn to me often and o'er;
While like a fond mother I open free,
My breast to the children I bore.

And I nourish them there with fondest love,
And give them the strength of my heart;
Till again they go forth and wildly rove,
Nor sigh from their mother to part.

All thoughtless of me, they pass the day,
In business, in love, or in war;
Their senses absorbed in life's stirring play,
They fancy the evening afar.

But evening steals on with her twilight gloom,
And Earth's weary offspring must rest;
And one by one will my children come
To sleep on their kind mother's breast.

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BALLAD.

TUNE.—"Oh, carry me back to Old Virginia's shore."

OH, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
Unto those early years,
When life was all a happy dream,
And kindness dried my tears:
No sadness then came o'er my soul,
But every thing was gay,—
Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To some bright early day.

Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To that sweet dream of youth,
When earth was all a sunny spot,
And every heart was truth;
For clouds and darkness gather now,
And sighs and tears are rife,—
Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To the bright morn of life.

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BALLAD.

TUNE.—"Lucy Long."

OH, once I was a happy flower,
And grew within a vale,
All sheltered from the bleak winds' power,
Sweet odors to exhale.

When flutt'ring a bright insect came,
I strove with maiden art,
To close my blushing leaves with shame,
And keep him from my heart.

'Twas vain! just where my bosom heaves,
Though much against my will,
He boldly perched among my leaves,
And from them sipped his fill.

Away he flew, I little dreamed
My foolish heart would burn,
For what so mere a trifle seemed,
And wished for his return.

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SONNET.

Joy to the heart sweet music is bringing,
Life is a day-dream of pleasure and love;
Women, like beautiful spirits, are singing
Notes they have caught from the angels above.

Light o'er the earth in its richness,
Gilding with glory each scene as it lies;
Light from the soft eye of beauty is gleaming,
And gilds with its brightness Time's wing as he flies.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

There is a melody deep and abounding
'Mid the strangely wrought chords of the heart;
The wind may not pass, but 'tis sounding
A music unrivalled by art.

At times 'tis the wailing of sorrow,
From the depths of its being it brings,
Again, wildest joy on the morrow,
Comes bursting away from its strings.

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The presence of each passing stranger
May draw from its tissue a tone,
That too often, alas! there is danger,
May sound when that stranger is gone.

Not e'en from the light breath of fashion,
Its music is wholly concealed;
But alone to the warm touch of passion,
Will the heart its true melody yield.

To Love—Love alone, is given
Most exquisite music to make;
Such tones as re-echoed from Heaven,
The rapture of seraphs awake.

LINES TO A LADY ACCOMPANYING A VOLUME OF FESTUS.

I FAIN would have within thy thoughts a home,
While this brief dream of life is lasting;
Nay, even in those bright worlds to come,
That lie far away beyond the tomb,
Where every thing mortal is hasting.

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So I pour in a torrent of bright, wild thought,
To stir up the depths of feeling
By this volume, with strange, high fancies fraught,
Where beautiful lessons are fearfully taught,
Like a demon dread truths revealing.

For I know that a spirit so formed as thine
Must catch of its wild inspiration,
And mind's mighty actings begin to combine
The bosom's own chaos with wondrous design,
Like a god in the act of creation.

Then, in that beautiful world of thine,
So dreamfully planned and created,
I dare to imagine the lot may be mine
Amid the immortals, there gathered, to shine
In the graces of youth reinstated.

LINES,

Written in a Lady's Album opposite an engraving representing a little girl with a basket of flowers in a graveyard, among tombs, overcome with tears, and exclaiming, "I sought for flowers."

Sorrow is eloquent, dear child!
But sorrow boisterous and wild,

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Makes to the heart no such appeal
As thine, while gentle tear-drops steal
Down thy young cheeks, and poignant grief
Through silent weeping seeks relief.

It hath deep mysteries—the heart—
Which spoken words can ne'er impart;
But as the electric fluid steals
From cloud to cloud, alone reveals
To bosoms fit to take and keep,
By sympathy those mysteries deep.

Such mysteries as these are read
In thy young tears, thy drooping head,
Thy prostrate form, thy heaving breast,
The exclamation half suppressed;
In few brief words with magic powers,
To tell thy tale,—"I sought for flowers."

Pure are the fountains of the earth
Whence bubbling waters take their birth;
And pure the showers that from above
Descend upon the world we love.
But childhood's tears are purer still
Than gentle rain or murmuring rill.

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When man transgressed and fell from Heaven,
And Innocence away was driven
Forth from her home within his heart,
She lingered, fearing to depart;
Then turned, and sought a final rest
Within dear woman's gentle breast.

If then there be a sacred shrine
For Love and Innocence divine;
Where all things pure, and bright, and sweet,
Together in this world may meet;
The bosom of a female child
Presents that temple undefiled.

And such was thine, thou lovely one;
A light more holy than the sun,
Shone on thy path and warmed thy heart,
And brought its feelings void of art,
To spread themselves like blossoms fair,
Yielding their perfume to the air.

Such blossoms, emblems of thy state,
In beauty as in transient date,
It was thy frequent joy to cull,
Until with basket gathered full,

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Home would'st thou hie in rosy health,
Proud of thy store of childish wealth.

This day again your idle hours
You meant to spend in search of flowers,
And sallied forth with bosom light,
On plains in gayest sunshine bright,
Purloining Nature's jewels fair,
That lavishly she scattered there.

No thoughts but those of gladness came,
No sinful deed brought sense of shame;
Sounds innocent alone were heard,
The hum of bee, the song of bird;
'Twas one of Nature's holiest hours,
As joyously you sought for flowers.

Yes, sought for flowers! but what hast found?
Graves, tombs, and relics scattered round.
Those who, like thee, once lived and loved,
And in life's happy sunshine moved,
In silence here are laid to sleep,
To wake no more! Well mayst thou weep.

This world's a field, where all like thee
Are roving wide in childish glee,

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Employing all their precious hours
In giddy search for idle flowers;
Tho' flowers may yield their fragrant breath,
They find it still the field of Death.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Among the wild romances of heathen mythology, it is said that Atlas, one of the demigods, and king of Mauritania, who was also the proprietor of numerous flocks, and owner of the famous Hesperian gardens, fell in love with Æthra, one of the Oceanides, or daughters of Oceanus, and married her. She was also called Pleione. Seven daughters were the fruit of this marriage, who all formed alliances with gods or demigods, except one of them named Merope, who married a mortal, Sisyphus, king of Corinth. Some of them were among the numerous wives of Jupiter. All of them after death formed portions of the constellation, Pleiades, except Merope, who is either entirely left out, or shines with so dim a light as to be hardly perceptible; in consequence, it is supposed, of her having degraded her celestial birth by uniting herself to a mortal. Hence she is called the Lost Pleiad. Her fate has given rise to many pathetic effusions.

Cluster of brilliant stars that shine
To gild the sky at even;
Sisters ye were of race divine,
Fair Æthra's daughters seven.

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Yet vainly doth the curious eye
Your shining throng explore;
Six of you only deck the sky,
The seventh is seen no more.
Lord of the thousand flocks that stray
On Mauritania's side,
Atlas, from Ocean bore away
Fair Æthra for his bride.
And, offspring of this godlike race,
Seven daughters crowned their love,
For six of whom a glorious place
Is found in Heaven above.
There, as a constellation bright,
Whose light will never fail,
Near Taurus in the summer night,
Six shining Pleiads sail;
The seventh, alas, we vainly search
Thro' all the heavenly host
That glitter on the ethereal arch,
Pleione's child is lost!
Yet calmly shining there on high,
Ye take your evening flight,
As tho' that sister in the sky,
Like you, were winged with light.
Brightly ye shine, no gloomy clouds
Of sorrow dim one ray,

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For the mysterious fate that shrouds
Her who has passed away.
Yet lovely as yourselves was she,
As heavenly in her birth;
She, with a step as light and free,
Trode the Hesperian earth.
And with you thro' its gardens roved,
And plucked its fruits and flowers,
And merry with you lived and loved,
Thro' childhood's happy hours.
But childhood's hours soon passed away,
And distant suitors came,
Their homage at your feet to lay,
Suitors of wealth and fame.
Proud of your birth, no mortal dared
To offer vows of love;
Each with a god his future shared,
And some aspired to Jove.
Save gentle Merope alone,
True woman—void of art—
Who with a mortal shared his throne,
And gave him up her heart.
That heart, a treasure richer far
Than his Corinthian state,
She gave, and ceased to be a star
To mingle in his fate;

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Left the Hesperian gardens fair,
Her childhood's happy home,
No longer then the hopeful heir
Of brighter worlds to come.
Such is the wondrous power to love
By the great Father given,
A star from her bright sphere to move,
Or mortals lift to Heaven.
That fallen star no more may shine,
Gone are her heavenly charms;
Extinguished every ray divine
Within a mortal's arms.
And Time, who touches with decay
Each thing of mortal birth,
Hath with his besom swept away
Lover and loved from earth.
And gazing in the deep blue sky,
Upon her vacant place,
Sad tear-drops gather in the eye
For Merope's disgrace.
We think how transient was her joy,
How short love's fitful reign,
That could eternal hope destroy
Never to bloom again;
To one so generous, young, and fair,
Ruin and death to bring.

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Ah! Love amid his flowers doth bear
Concealed a mortal sting!
These gloomy thoughts like shadows fly
Across the troubled mind,
That all who venture love to try
The Pleiad's fate may find;
And yet admiringly we see
Devotion such as thine,
And love thee more, lost Merope,
Than all the stars that shine;
And still in mem'ry will we keep
Of love the priceless cost,
While over Merope we weep
The lovely Pleiad lost.

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James B. Shepard.

CAROLINA.

Home of the beautiful and brave!
Land of the torrent mountain-born!
Land of the broad and sounding wave!
Of pine and cedar! Hail the morn
Which saw thy glorious banner fling
Its gorgeous folds from hill to flood;
Which heard thy glens and valleys ring
With Freedom's triumphs. Hallowed blood
In thy great cause hath freely gushed
From patriot hearts; and we have blushed,
And crimsoned deep with burning shame,
To think that glittering lyres are strung
To hymn the base and mean to fame,
Whilst thy great deeds and glorious name
Go down to dust unsung.

Digitized by Google

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* * * * *

Away, away to where the torrent flings
Its foaming billows 'neath the Pilot's throne;
And pause we here, for suddenly there springs
An eagle o'er us, and the rising moan
Of the strong winds is prisoned in his wings;
Hark, the shrill scream! and now the sound is gone,
As upward, onward, sweeps his regal form,
'Mid the quick lightnings of the rushing storm.

Imperial bird of Jove! thy tireless wing
Doth bathe itself amid the gushing streams
Of morn's bright fountain; and when night doth fling
Her pall upon thee, thou dost count the beams
Of the bright stars as nothing, for they bring
O'er thee a sombre darkness. Thy loud screams,
Like thy deep, piercing, all unvarying gaze,
Live only in the sunlight's hottest blaze.

All shadowing Pilot! high, and lone, and cold,
Thou rear'st thy form in grandeur, and the light
Which gilds thy brow at sunset, as of old,
Shall be to thee a diadem all bright
Amid the ages distant and untold,
To guide the pilgrim's dim and failing sight

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Along thy battlements. And now the sun
Goes down behind the mountains—day is gone.

'Tis night upon the Pilot! Come and see
The startling wonders of the mighty pile;
Look how the lightnings glance—and now the free
Wild winds are rushing o'er this earth-born isle,
Thrown up amid the wide and desert sea.
The clouds are gathering, and no lovely smile
Of the bright stars is ours. Hark! the tone
Of the loud thunder from its flashing throne!

Night on the Pilot! From the stormy West
The clouds are mustering, and their banners gleam
In shadowy glory, and their folds are dressed
In the mild livery of Orion's beam.
And now each glen and lofty mountain's crest
Grows bright beneath the moon's resplendent stream
Of living radiance. Now the light is gone,
And darkness girds us with her rayless zone.

The morn is up—the bright and dewy morn,
And darkness rolls from off the lofty pile,
And voices deep and wild, and mountain born,
Go up in thankfulness; for now the smile
Of day is on us; now the huntsman's horn
Winds its rich numbers through each deep defile,

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Startling the eagle from his high abode,
'Mid the rough crags where mortal foot ne'er trode.

Journey we eastward. Hail, old Guilford, hail!
Thy soil is sacred. Thine the battle ground
Where England's strong and haughty hosts grew pale
In victory's presence. Here the brave were crowned
With fame immortal. Here the loudest gale
Of battle sounded, while the blue profound,
Rent with thy shouts of triumph, cleared away,
And poured upon thee Freedom's perfect day.

Here brave Cornwallis led his glittering bands
In pomp and splendor—here the free winds played
With plume and banner—here the loud commands
Of battle thundered, as in strength arrayed
The veteran legions of the eastern lands
Moved to the music which their valor made
On their own heart-strings. Hark! the strife begins,
And the red squadrons come like rushing winds.

But Greene is here, and like a lofty rock,
Which rolls aside the tempest's deafening roar,
His hosts are stationed, and he seems to mock
The advancing squadrons. Now the changeful shore
Of the wide sea of battle lessens, and the shock
Of charging legions dyes the field with gore.

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But hark! what sound was that which rose and fell,
Amid the battle's deep and deadly swell?

'Twas Gunby's battle signal. Who hath swayed
A brighter banner than the one which throws
From off his brow the smoke his rifle made?
And now the strife is hushed, and dread repose
Broods o'er both armies. Britain stands arrayed
In haughty silence, while her humble foes,
Fixing their hopes on Gunby, bend to hear
His long shrill rifles, musical and clear.

A low, deep murmur breaks the silence now,
A thousand eyes are glancing on the sight
Of each loud rifle, and the lofty brow
Of Gunby kindles with a glorious light,
To see his heroes, summoned from the plough,
Advance so firmly to the bloody fight.
The charge is sounded. His brave troop hath won
What gallant Greene so gloriously begun.

The sun no longer flings his beam
Of rosy light on Enoe's stream,
The winds are laid, and all is still,
Save the low murmur on yon distant hill,
Rising and falling, sweet and far,
Like harpings from some distant star.

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'Tis from the embowered villa, where
Cornwallis 'camped of old;
And many a legion wild, 'tis said,
Was borne along this glittering flood,
When hosts met hosts, and hands were red
With patriot and with hireling blood.
And many a tale is told,
Of vengeance and of raging hate,
Dooming the young and fair to death,
When hope and life, and fearful fate
Hung on dread Tarleton's breath.

The moon is up, and at her side
A lovely star is shining now,
And from her crystal fount a tide
Of splendor falls upon the brow
Of the wide Ocaneechee. Far and bright
The glory wanders, till each hill and dell
Gives back the lustrous and unshadowy light.
Bold Indian warriors here once raised the yell
Of fiery battle—here the fierce delight
Which conquest gave them did each bosom swell
Almost to bursting. Faded now and gone,
The dim memorials of the Indian's home.

Enoe! we love thee, and surpassing strong
Our love has been to thee since first we knew

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That thou didst send thy sparkling waves along
Our own fair Newbern. Bitter, brief, and few
Be all the numbers of our wayward song,
If we do fail to prove both firm and true
Unto thee, Newbern. Darkened be our name
When we forget thy pure and modest fame!

* * * * * *

Queen of the blending Neuse and Trent,
The brightest charms of Heaven are lent
Unto thy daughters, and the ray
Of love's sweet star is ever seen
In splendor, where thy waters play
Along thy plains of living green.

The memories of the past are stirred
Within us, and the hallowed word
Of *home* brings up the thousand things
Of boyhood, when the glittering wings
Of hope were round us, and the stream
Of life was joyful. Now we seem
To wander in a mournful dream
Of all that was, so changed the scene!

And yet those hills and vales between
My own loved rivers, look the same—
'Tis I have changed. The hopes of fame

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And all the wasting cares of life,
They drew me from this sacred spot,
And sent me where the noble strife
Of boyhood is forgot.

* * * * * *

I stand upon the banks of the proud Roanoke.
Father of waters! thou dost roll along
With a glad music; and the lightning stroke
Of time is on thee, yet the splendid throng
Of thy far-sweeping waves is all unbroke,
Save when the boatman, with his mellow song,
Speeds o'er their bosom, laden with a store
Of wealth, late gathered from thy fertile shore.

And he who tacked thy name, old glorious stream,
Unto his own, tho' sometimes strange and wild,
In his mad moments when he spoke by steam,
Playing the statesman now, and now the child,
Was yet like thee (when Reason's steady beam
Shone full upon him), deep, and strong, and clear;
What shield could parry his avenging spear?

The meteor of a season. We did gaze
Upon the splendors of his fiery way,
As through bright stars, undazzled by their blaze,
He sought the pristine fount of perfect day,

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The day of TRUTH. And still the unclouded ray
Of Fame's high sun upon his actions play,
Gilding his name and garnishing his tomb,
Where fadeless myrtle and bright laurel bloom.

And there was one whose light was fixed and clear,
Whose deeds were seen by all men, and whose fame
Is all-enduring. Bow we lowly here,
For 'tis the spot where honest MACON came
Like a ripe sheaf, unto his honored bier!
Who ever went down with a brighter name
To death's long slumbers? Hallowed be the rest
Of him who sleeps below, by millions blest!

Like the mild star of evening, he arose
On the horizon of his country, when
Her soil was trampled by beleaguering foes,
And the dread war sound filled each hill and glen;
And like the star which sets at evening's close,
Was his declension. Streams of fadeless light
Still gild the heavens which hide him from our sight.

Wander we on, uncertain how
Our song shall end. Before us now
The spires and domes of Raleigh fling
Their summits up. * * *

* * * * * *

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Old city, thou dost lift thy head
Most brightly 'mid thy sylvan home,
Shaking thy tresses to the light,
Like war-plumes in the deadly fight—
Come to the city! Come!

* * * * * *

Raleigh! a name which charmed the willing ear
Of old Queen Bess, in ages long ago;
When thy great namesake couched the glittering spear
In tilt and tournament, well pleased to know
That she, the royal maiden, deigned to appear
Round the bright lists, to mark each stunning blow
Sent from his strong right arm. We mourn the fate
Which left his princely house all desolate.

What recks it that his pure and lofty soul
Was all undaunted 'neath the accursed stroke,
Which winged it onward to its final goal?
The deed was cruel, for it fiercely broke
A noble heart. But fame doth still enroll
His generous virtues on her scroll sublime,
And Raleigh's name still triumphs over Time.

Alas! the age of Chivalry is past!
The Cheviot hills are ever trampled now

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By cattle-dealers, and the turf is cast
In many a heap by spade and rugged plough,
O'er kingly sepulchres. And many a mast,
The wand of commerce darts with quickening speed
Up the famed waters of the sparkling Tweed.

The wandering peddler makes his noonday meal,
Where Cæsar's legions erst the ensign bore
Of boundless conquest, and the deadly steel
Of rude banditti gleams, where Godfrey wore
The cross in triumph, and the pirate's keel
Dances along the bright and sacred shore
Of many a city, once the strong retreat
Of law and order, and fair learning's seat.

* * * * * *

Distant—far distant—be the mournful day,
And dark for ever in the rolls of time,
When thou, my country, in thy proud array
Of wealth and glory, from thy seat sublime,
Amid the nations, shalt be swept away,
And slavery's minions o'er thy altars climb
To proud dominion. Ever may the flame
Of perfect Freedom burn in thy great name.

For in thy name 'twas lighted, and thy call,
Like a loud trumpet, sounded to the war

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Ere the first Congress spoke. Before the ball
Of revolution kindling from afar,
Rolled o'er thy borders, thou wert roused; and all
Thy generous children, standing firmly where
The battle's earthquake passed o'er hill and flood,
Poured out 'midst flame and smoke their noblest blood.

* * * * * *

The sun is gone. Pale floods of light are driven
Along the western hills. Serene and high
Just where the sunlight leaves the loftiest heaven,
To utter darkness, flashes like an eye
Of the great Deity, the star of even:
The star which Milton sung, and whose bright showers
Of golden light erst fell 'mid Eden's bowers.

Hail! source of light Eternal! what are we?
Tenants of this dim island, floating on
Amid that splendid universal sea,
Whose waves wash all things, and whose ceaseless moan
Goes ever up obediently to Thee.
Dust and Divinity! the soul's rich tone
Was born in glory, but the dust doth cling
Unto the sounding harp which it essays to string.

Old North Carolina! with that hallowed name,
Our song began, and with it let it end;

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Through coming ages be thy lofty fame,
Pure and untarnished! May thy altars send
For ever up the bright, unfading flame
Of perfect freedom! May the spells that bend
Unto the dust the millions o'er the sea,
Ne'er throw their folds of darkness over thee!

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M. L. S.

LINES TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE HILLS OF DAN."

Our youngest love! our heart's delight!
Thus early torn away,
Thy sun which rose in splendor bright,
Hath set ere noon of day.
Now mute in death the siren tongue,
That told of Nature's plan,
And silent thy loved harp, unstrung,
That sung the Hills of Dan.

Alas! the hope that blighted lies,
By thy bright promise given,
Gone, as the rainbow's fairy dyes
Melt in the hues of Heaven.

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Oh! who can view thy blighted bloom,
Or could thy genius scan,
But feel dark sorrow's withering gloom
For thee, the pride of Dan!

How oft in childhood's earliest day
I've led thee by the hand;
In youth, I've read to thee the lay
Of Genius' gifted band.
The breezes of thy childhood's home,
No more thy brow shall fan,
No more at twilight canst thou roam,
Among the Hills of Dan.

And now thou hast thy last request;
In speechless grief we made
Thy grave where day's first sunbeams rest,
And where they're last delayed.
The ground o'er which in boyhood's race,
So joyously you ran,
Is now your final resting-place,
Upon a Hill of Dan.

There, too, sleeps one who was our pride,
Of whom thou wert the joy;
Thine aged father by his side
Receives his youngest boy.

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Thy brother, torn in life's young bloom,
From all that's dear to man,
Now by thee finds a peaceful tomb
Among the Hills of Dan.

How oft upon that father's knee,
In infancy you played;
Death hath no power to sever thee,
Beside him thou art laid!
Rest, sacred dust! till time shall cease,
And roused be sleeping man;
Then may'st thou soar to Heaven in peace,
From thy loved Hills of Dan.

"HOW CAN I SMILE AGAIN?"

I've seen life's pleasures fade away,
Like sunbeams at the close of day;
I've seen life's brightest dreams depart,
Leaving their memory on my heart
To haunt it with a yearning vain;
How can I ever smile again?

And now with crushed affection's gloom,
With love that haunts the lonely tomb,

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With thoughts that fondly linger yet,
Round many a sun of Mem'ry set,
Whose twilight only's left behind
To glimmer on my darkened mind,
And dimly light my throbbing brain,—
Then ask me not to smile again.

I've seen love, hope, and youth pass by,
Like meteors o'er a midnight sky,
And leave the night more dark and lone,
Than if such spots had never shone.
Fondly my heart still loves to stray,
To the bright scenes of childhood's day,
Tho' t[illegible] mem'ries now alone remain,—
How can I ever smile again?

Too fondly did my woman's trust
Cling to a form that was but dust.
Too fondly its affections gave
To what must fill a mortal's grave.
Around that fragile form alone,
My all of earthly bliss was thrown,
A broken reed, a hope how vain,—
Then ask me not to smile again.

Oh, do not say that future years
Will flush the cheek, will dry the tears,

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That days to come have yet in store,
Pleasures as deep as those of yore;
That friends will gather by my side,
As fond, as true as those I've tried—
Ah! could they come, 'twould be in vain,
For I can never smile again.

Yes! too confidingly was given,
The love that naught should have but Heaven.
Ah! woman, 'tis thy error still,
To place thy all of good or ill,
Upon some fondly worshipped shrine,
And pay it homage too divine;
Then feel too late, thy love and trust
Hurled, with their idol, to the dust.
Then what remains? a throbbing brain,
A heart that ne'er can smile again.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Eighteen summers passed away,
Have brought again thy natal day—
Now gone are childhood's happy hours,
With all their fairy hues and flowers,

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And on thy youthful form and face
The woman reigns in artless grace.
Tho' childhood's petty griefs be past,
Thou must not think they'll be the last;—
Ah! sad the gift that age bestows—
The retrospect of joys and woes—
The hallowed ties of early home,
Whose haunting mem'ries round us come;
The loved, and lost, who claim our tears,
All thronging come with after years.
Life's untrod path to youthful eyes,
In soft and lovely radiance lies,
And the bright future to them seems
A fairy-land of flowers and dreams.
Should chill experience dare to tell
Sad truths, that time will break too well,
The glad enthusiast would not hear,
But turn a deaf, unheeding ear.
Sleep on, fair dreamer, far from me,
The thankless task to waken thee,
For well I know a few brief years,
Will change that dream to bitter tears.
But age hath not yet been thy dower,
Thou art in life a budding flower;
Why is it that with years so few,
Thy cheek will oft take sorrow's hue?

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Why is it that thine eye's dark ray
So oft to sudden gloom gives way,
And seems with pensive, saddened gaze,
To bend o'er distant, happier days?
Is the gift of years upon thee now?
I know it by thy pallid brow,
I know it by thy changing cheek,
Altho' no word thy tongue may speak.
And hath grief o'er thy spirit bright,
Thus early thrown its withering blight?
Alas! the pang that grief imparts,
Drains the best life-blood from our hearts;
Then far from thee its shackles fling,
And rise on Hope's bright buoyant wing,
And let thy fancy's eye explore,
The future joys for thee in store.
Our life is but a checkered scene,
Now clouds, now sunshine intervene,
And since thy morn hath been o'ercast,
Thy noonday sun shall beam at last.

"How lightly, how lightly the heart that's at rest,
Can counsel to patience the deeply distrest;
What solace on earth to me is now left,
Of parents, and brothers, and sisters bereft?

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Oh! when the endearments of kindred I see
Bestowed upon others, forbidden to me,
The home of my childhood then will arise,
In memory's dream before my sad eyes;
The loved and the lost I never shall see,
That once made that home a heaven to me,
All clustering come around my lone heart,
And their shadows rest on it, and will not depart.
Oh! think it not strange when thy children press
Around thy knee for their mother's caress,
That thoughts of the past should mournfully come,
And steal from my cheek all its youthful bloom.
Then my own sainted Mother will rise on my sight,
Like some beautiful vision or dream of the night,
And her silvery voice will ring on my ear,
With a power and magic 'tis madness to hear.
Oh blame me not, then, for my saddened brow,
Parents—and loved ones, oh! where are ye now?
Gone, gone to your rest beyond sorrow and woe,
And I, a lone orphan, am left here below,—
No Father to guard me, sustain, or provide,
To watch o'er my progress with joy and pride,
Or if tempted by pleasure's seductive song,
No Mother to whisper, 'My child, that is wrong.'
Am I sick and afflicted, who'll watch round my bed,
Cheer my sad spirit, or hold my lone head,

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Or point to that spirit's immortal eye,
Its home of deep quiet beyond the dark sky?
None! none!—all are gone, and on earth I remain,
A stranger and exile till I join them again."

Heart-stricken child, I pity thee,
Thy deep distress with sorrow see,
From a home so dear unto thy heart,
So lonely now, thus forced to part;
And like some lone exotic flower,
Torn from its native garden bower,
Its bloom to waste on stranger eyes,
In foreign lands and alien skies,
So thou must leave thy native place,
Thy bloom a stranger's halls to grace:
Yet cheer thee up, tho' sad thy fate,
Thou art not yet so desolate.
Come to my sad and lonely heart,
With my orphan babes thou hast a part,
And when distress and anguish wring
Thy bosom's core, thy sorrows bring,
And pour thy hoarded troubles here,
As thou would'st in a mother's ear.
But say, whose hand hath struck the blow?
He whose are all things here below,

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To whom the highest angels bow;
Then mortal man, how darest thou
Impugn the holy, high decree,
That took these earthly joys from thee?
Bow to the chastener, humbly bend,
Ask Him to be the orphan's friend;
Thy dark repinings to forgive,
And help thee turn to Him and live.
There is a land of deepest rest,
A home for the weary and distrest,
Where grief and sorrow enter not,
And earthly woes are all forgot:—
No lowering tempests there arise,
To dim the brightness of the skies,
Death hath no power to enter there,
The earth's grand herald of despair.
There all our earth-born sorrows cease,
And all is love, and joy, and peace;
There, is a Father's sleepless eye
Can all our inmost thoughts descry,
Who never slumbers,—never sleeps,
But o'er our path his vigil keeps,
Who will our erring footsteps guide,
And lead us gently to His side.
Seek thou that home, thou need'st not fear,
What death or sorrow can do here,

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If thou that Father's smile can gain,
Thou need'st not fear the keenest pain.
Would'st thou know that Sire, and blest abode?
The home is Heaven—the Father—God.

THE POET'S LAY.

Written on hearing a lady express an ardent desire to write poetry.

You say you crave the poet's power,
The human heart with might to sway,
Ah! 'tis a sad and lonely dower,
The gift of song, the poet's lay.
"Oh! say not so, I would not part
With all the visions bright and gay,
That still have haunted my young heart,
Of him who writes the poet's lay.

"His are the pure and hidden streams
Of joy serene, found seldom here,
Except by him whose fancy gleams
With glories of a brighter sphere.

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With transport keen his bosom swells,
With bliss unknown to vulgar clay,
Deep through his soul the power tells,
When gushes forth the poet's lay.

"Of him have been my day-dreams bright,
And I have worshipped from afar,
The radiance of that lonely light,
As I had done some distant star.
His eye o'er Nature's face he throws,
The landscape smiles as bright as May,
All things are colored with the rose,
To him who writes the poet's lay.

"Such gifted beings must be blest,
He breathes his voice in saddest tone,
When, lo! a thousand hearts attest
His power, and make his grief their own.
To his hopes and fears, his joy and grief,
Mankind alike their tribute pay,
None higher prize such sweet relief
Than he who writes the poet's lay.

"The morning's flush, the noonday's blaze,
The softly crimsoned clouds of even,
The zephyr's breath, the moon's pale rays,
All whisper his rapt soul of heaven.

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He feels their power as through his soul
The electric sparks will quickly play;
When once 'tis touched beyond control,
It pours along the poet's lay."

If thou wouldst shun the sleepless night,
And loathe the coming light of day,
If thou would'st know life's dear delight,
Beware the poets maddening lay.
If thou would'st hope for happy hours,
Ere youth's brief moments pass away;
If thou would'st pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Then covet not the poet's lay.

How like the wild and feverish dream
That haunts intoxication's bowl;
The poet's visions madly gleam
Athwart the darkness of his soul!
But should he feel grief's withering power,
Should those he loves be torn away,
None know the madness of that hour
Like him who writes the poet's lay.

His beauties, like the verdure thrown
Around the wild volcano's side,
Conceal the wreck they would not own,
That rushes with the lava tide.

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Those gleams of bright poetic fire
Seem not from earth to catch their ray;
'Tis from the lone heart's funeral pyre,
The flash that lights the poet's lay.

He fondly dreams of fadeless bowers,
Of gentle airs and sunny skies;
He wakes—a blight is on the flowers,
And fierce tornadoes meet his eyes.
Back to his spirit's sunny home,
From earth he gladly turns away,
And bids the lovely phantoms come
That oft have cheered his magic lay.

While longing for that better land,
The fairy home his spirit dreams,
Cold round his heart earth's sorrow's stand,
Darker from fancy's brilliant beams.
None know with what a blighting power,
When such lov'd visions fade away,
Comes stern reality's chill hour
To him who writes the poet's lay.

Such fearful conflict cannot last,
The weary spirit sinks to rest;
Its wild imaginings are past
Within the grave so loved, so blest!

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How little dream the thoughtless throng,
The causes of such quick decay;
They worship at the shrine of song,
Unknown the source of each deep lay.

The throbbing heart, the burning brain,
The blighted hopes of life's young day,
The midnight vigil, such the train
That follows e'er the poet's lay.
On may the stream of thy young life
Still gently wend its lucid way,
And never know the passion's strife
That conjures up the poet's lay.

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James F. Simmons.

SONGS.

THE FLORIDA SERENADE.

Oh! come to my sunny southern bower,
Oh! come, dear one, with me,
Where every fair and gentle flower
Shall sweetly bloom for thee.
For every bud that blossoms there
Shall Love's sweet language speak;
While sweet perfumes shall fill the air,
And gently fan thy cheek,
Come away where sweetest flowers bloom,
Come away, dear one, with me.

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Oh! come with me where the breezes blow
So gently and so fair,
And where the orange blossoms throw
Their sweetness on the air.
And where each zephyr that shall glide
Through forest, grove, or dell,
Shall linger sweetly by thy side,
Some tale of love to tell.
Come away where sweetest flowers bloom,
Come away, dear one, with me.

Oh! come with me where the birds shall sing
Their strains of melody,
And Love its brightest gems shall bring
As offerings to thee.
Sweet birds and flowers bid thee come,
The fields look gay and green;
Oh, come to my sunny southern home
And be its gentle queen.
Come away where sweetest flowers bloom,
Come away, dear one, with me.

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THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Flow on, thou glorious old Father of Waters;
Flow on, with thy many proud sons and bright daughters;
With wealth and with freedom abundantly blest,
Flow on, noble river, the pride of the West.

Of rivers the greatest, the grandest that flows,
None other like thee broad creation knows;
None other like thee bears on its broad breast,
So much of the beauty and wealth of the West.

The lakes are thy pillow, whilst far in the South,
On Mexico's Gulf we behold thy broad mouth;
Thou scatterest wealth from the lakes to the sea,
And thy home, noble river, "is the Land of the Free."

Flow on, noble river, so lavishly blest,
Still bear on thy bosom the wealth of the West;
Still invite to thy waters the boatman's light oar,
And flow on, noble river, till time is no more.

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A SIGH FOR THE PAST.

Oh! would that childhood's happy hours,
Might be mine own again,
That I might stroll among the flowers,
With breast devoid of pain—
That I might watch the stars at night,
Come forth to deck the sky,
All happy, innocent, and bright,
Yet not more gay than I.

Oh, would the sportive days of youth,
Impatiently passed o'er,
Might come in virtue, peace, and truth,
And joyousness once more;
That every face might wear a smile,
And mine unclouded be,
And friendly hearts be free from guile,
And beat with love for me.

Perchance I then should never know
The pangs which now I feel;
Perchance that fate then could not throw
His shafts too deep to heal;

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Then blame me not for wishing now
These bright days mine again,
That every cloud might leave this brow,
This breast be freed from pain.

Ah! freely would I give each joy
Maturity has known,
To be again a careless boy,
Call by-gone days my own;
To cull again the blooming flow'rs
That sparkle by the rill,
To see once more life's sunny hours,
And be light-hearted still.

I'M DEAF AND HEAR THEE NOT.

[It is proper to state, for the more correct understanding of the following poem, that the author is afflicted with deafness.]

I SEE thy lips, like rubies part,
Behold the sparkling of thine eye,
The motions of thy throbbing heart,
Too quick to note a simple sigh;

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And whilst each action is complete,
Thy form and face without a blot,
Thy song, fair lady, must be sweet,
But ah! alas! I hear it not.

I see thy tiny fingers run,
Swiftly o'er the yielding keys,
I know thy music has begun,
And sweeps the air like summer's breeze.
I know 'tis cheering to the heart,
And 'neath its sway ills are forgot;
It is, it is a heavenly art,
But what to me! I hear it not.

The works of nature and of art,
I see upon the earth around;
They serve to gladden every heart,
The *sight* is bliss without the *sound*.
The birds with music fill the air,
Thrice happy in their sinless lot;
Their sweetest notes they do not spare,
But ah! alas! I hear them not.

Sing, lady! others hear thy song,
And others drink each blissful sound;
Others, too, dream of thee among
The cherished objects they have found;

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Then sing, fair lady! whilst I'm near,
Think not upon my dreary lot,
Thy song my drooping heart may cheer,
E'en though, alas! I hear thee not.

MY ANGEL CHILD.

Farewell, farewell my angel child,
Sweet blossom of a day;
I must not mourn, since God has smiled,
And beckon'd thee away.

Farewell, farewell, my own sweet one,
All purity and love;
Thou'rt freed from pain, and now art gone
To live with God above.

Thou wert beloved, none ever knew,
None here could know how well;
And hearts sincere, and warm and true,
Will ever love thee still.

If happy spirits ever know,
In yon pure world above,

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The passing scenes of earth below,
Thou knowest that we love.

Thou knowest, too, that bitter tears
Have flowed intense and free;
Our once bright home a sadness wears
It never knew with thee.

But let me mourn! rest where thou art!
Though grief this bosom rack;
Though sorrow burst this bleeding heart,
I would not call thee back.

No; thou art free from sorrow now,
Thy body's free from pain;
A crown of life is on thy brow,
Oh! let it there remain.

Return to this cold world of vice?
No, no, thou art too fair;
Stay where thou art in Paradise,
And I will meet thee there.

Ah, yes! my cherished one, we'll meet,
When my life-dream is o'er,
And then—the thought e'en now is sweet—
"We'll meet to part no more."

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Then farewell, cherub, for a while,
We'll meet again ere long,
I'll see again thy happy smile,
And hear thy joyous song.

That voice, which here was faint and low,
Shall thrill upon my ear—
When to the land of bliss I go,
In accents sweet and clear.

Yes, I shall see and know thee there,
And clasp thee to this heart;
Farewell! we'll meet where angels are,
And never more to part.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

Proud Freedom's name unstained to keep,
Brave Lawrence had engaged
The foe upon the stormy deep,
And now the battle raged.
His sword, which idle long had hung,
Was now within his grip,
And these brave words were on his tongue,
"*We won't give up the ship.*"

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But soon death's arrow swiftly came
The list of slain to swell;
It struck with true unerring aim,
And Lawrence, dying, fell.
But ere life's fading spark had gone,
He cried with quiv'ring lip,
"My noble lads, fight on, fight on,
And *don't give up the ship.*

"Fight for those honor'd stripes and stars,
Now floating from the mast;
Fight on, my true, my noble tars,
Fight bravely to the last.
Let one devout and earnest prayer
Escape each freeman's lip;
Look upward—let your hopes rest there—
And *don't give up the ship.*

"Fight on, my lads, with heart and hand,
For children, homes, and wives,
The honor of your native land,
Your liberties and lives.
I ne'er shall fight with you again,
I see my life blood drip,
But still fight on, my noble men,
And *don't give up the ship.*"

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TEARS.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."—TENNYSON.

TEARS, sparkling tears, that lightly course their way,
Adown the young and fair, or furrowed cheek,
Are they unmeaning, hollow, idle? Nay,
But in the tones of thrilling joy they speak:
They tell of some bright dream of happiness,
Some taste of bliss, too pure, too sweet to last,
Some gleam of light, some ray of heav'nly peace,
That e'en illumes the dark and gloomy past;
They have no voice to tell us of despair,
They speak an absence of all doubt and dread,
They point within, and tell us peace is there:—
Ah, me! such tears as these I love to shed.

Tears, friendly tears, that come like morning dew,
To add a sweetness to each blooming flower,
Affirm that friendship is sincere and true,
And not an idle fancy of an hour;
Or they perchance are summoned up in gloom,
To glisten in the light that beams above,
While, melancholy, we approach the tomb
Of one who shared our warmest, purest love;

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Of one who hung, as we are hanging now,
To life upon a feeble, wasting thread,
Which snapt when death's cold finger touched his brow:—
Tears, tears like these friendship will freely shed.

Tears, bitter tears, that sad and silent flow,
As "from the depth of some divine despair;"
They are not idle, but too plainly show
The heart is warm, and pure, and pain is there;
That sorrow's hand has aimed his poisoned dart,
And let it fly with whistling speed, along
The flow'ry way, deep, deep into the heart,
Which knew no guile, and never harbored wrong;
They sparkle not with pleasure or with mirth;
Nay, when they come the light of peace is fled,
In gloom and woe they have their hapless birth;
And tears like these, alas! are often shed.

Tears, sacred tears, with love and virtue glow,
Pure as the mild and twinkling morning star,
Pure as the flakes of gently falling snow,
Which tap the casement, then dissolve in air;
Pure as the silv'ry beams that sweetly play
Around the calm and modest queen of night;
Pure as the rays that gild the God of Day,
And give a dazzling richness to his light;

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They roll along, calm, silently, and slow;
  They tell of love for living and for dead;
They plainly speak, they do not idly flow:—
  When "Jesus wept" such tears as these were shed.

Tears, flowing tears, oh! be they dark or bright,
  Called forth by joy, by sorrow, or despair,
They ever tell us that the heart is right,
  And love is still a nurtured flower there;
And let the world be dreary as it may,
  Misfortunes come in all their chilling power,
Adversity and woe obstruct our way,
  They cannot blast that ever blooming flower.
Dost thou desire a steadfast friend, to keep
  Unchanged when gloom is gathering o'er thy head?
Find one who can o'er thy misfortunes weep,
  And love him for the pearly dew-drops shed.

THE DYING CHIEF'S ADDRESS.

These limbs, my braves! are growing weak,
  I tremble not at pain,
But listen! for your chief would speak—
  He ne'er will speak again.

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We've fought in battle side by side,
Together without fear;
We've hunted through the forest wide,
Together slain the deer.

The white man knew I feared not him,
But now my wars are o'er;
These eyes, my braves, are growing dim,
This arm can strike no more.
I'm going to the hunting-ground,
The Spirit calls me on,
Where beaver, deer, and bear abound,
Where many braves have gone.

I leave *one* to your care, and she
Is weeping by my side;
My only one; oh let her be,
The honest red man's bride.
Protect her from the white face foe,
She's fair to look upon;
She'll follow where my brothers go,
Protect her when I'm gone.

And now, farewell each noble brave—
Farewell my Lily fair—
Give your old chief a forest grave,
And let him slumber there.

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Yes, place me in the forest wild,
But bury me not deep,
And lay my rifle by my side,
Then leave me there to sleep.

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A. P. Sperry.

OLD GUILFORD, I LOVE THEE.

Old Guilford, I love thee, thy meadows and streams
Fill every bright hour and are linked with my dreams;
I love thy green hills and thy brooklets' soft flow,
And the hue of the wild flowers that near it may grow.

I love thy sweet glades where the daisies unfold,
And the wild rose and lily send up their perfume,
And the ripe grain that waves like a harvest of gold,
Or the blackberry blossoms that near it may bloom.

I love thy old hearths where the warm fires burn,
And thy sons with their hearts just as warm as their fire,
Who oppression and tyranny always would spurn,
And strike to raise liberty's standard the higher.

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I love the bright spot where the share of the plough
Will turn up the gold that is hid in thy breast,
And the old battle-ground where thy heroes lie low,
And find in the land that they fought for, a rest.

Old Guilford, I love thee, thy meadows and streams
Fill every bright hour, and are link'd with my dreams;
I love thy green hills and thy brooklets' soft flow,
And the hue of the wild flowers, that near it may grow.

NIGHT.

Night wraps her star-gemm'd shroud
Around the dying day,
And then beneath the western cloud
She hurries it away—
Until the morning stars together sing,
Until the morrow's sun its rays shall bring.

Night drops her robes of peace
Upon a sleeping world;
Her angel-guards ne'er cease
Their wings to keep unfurled—
Until the morning stars together sing,
Until the morrow's sun its rays shall bring.

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Night brings the weary rest,
A simile 'tis given
Of that long sleep with which we're blest,
To wake in yonder Heaven—
There with the morning stars to sing,
The praises of our God and King.

LIFE'S A DREAM.

Life's a dream—life's a vapor—
Soon it passes, and is done;
Life's a vision—life's a taper—
Yea, and but a single one!
Always trimmed, and always burning,
Soon, too soon, for ever gone!

Life's an echo—life's a sigh—
Life's a summer evening blast—
Life's a beam that soon must die,
Or a flower that cannot last!
Trim it softly, touch it lightly;
Soon, too soon, it will be past!

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Life's a shadow—life's a sunbeam,
Or a dew-drop of the morn;
Life's a bubble on Time's swift stream,
Bursting e'en as soón as born!
Touch it not, for soon it passeth,
As the echo of a horn!

Life's a span—an evening vesper—
Life's a harp-string made of gold;
Life's an angel's softest whisper,
Or a tale that soon is told!
Tell it softly, tell it slowly,
Ne'er again will it unfold.

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The Hon. John Lewis Taylor.

THE MEMORY OF AN ENGAGING CHILD.

Written on the death of one of his grandsons.

THERE is a flower to summer known,
Whose leaf will fade as soon as blown;
Yet for the transient space it lives,
So rich a breath its blossom gives,
It seems embodying all the powers,
Of fragrance rare, that other flowers
Have breathed throughout their longer prime,
In the brief moment of its time.
So bloomed this lovely infant here;
Scarce did the bud of life appear,

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When lo! in childhood's opening hour,
Death preyed upon that charming flower.
Yet like the aloe's short-lived bloom,
His soul exhaled such sweet perfume,
That centred in his life appears,
All that would bless and charm for years.
In all he did, or spoke, or sung,
A nameless spell about him hung,
An air so sweet, it seemed to tell
He was not long on earth to dwell;
Whether the joy devoid of guile,
Dimpled his mouth with pleasure's smile,
As the light frolic he pursued,
That suits with childhood's happy mood,
Or when he tried each infant art
To wind about the parent's heart,
Would print his little lips and smile,
Full pleased with his successful wile;
In all, a lovely spirit shone
Too heavenly for this world to own.
Alas! his tuneful, warbling breath
Is lulled, for ever hushed in death;
And that still heart within the bier
Can feel not e'en a parent's tear;
But faith will raise the streaming eye
To worlds where naught can ever die,

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Where the young cherub waves his wings,
And his eternal anthem sings,
And waits the hour when those who mourn,
Like him shall be to glory borne!

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Tenella.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

The Ice King opened his frozen gates to hold high court one day,
While his servants all were summoned to come, dutiful homage to pay.
His palace was built of icy blocks, hewn in the frigid zone,
And lit with a gleam of rosy light from an Aurora thrown.
His sea-green throne was a frozen wave, brought from the Arctic pole,
Which had with its foaming crest congealed ere it had ceased to roll.
Drest in his dazzling robes he sat, in his council-chamber wide,
And cast on its strong and solid walls a glance of haughty pride;

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A sceptre of ice in his hand he held, which glittered with many a gem,
While the diamond and opal's changeful light flashed from his diadem;
His mantle of snow around him fell in many a frozen fold,
While his vest was lace-work frail and light, wrought by the Hoar-frost cold;
He smiled as his warriors round him came, clad all in frozen mail,
Their gleaming swords the icicles sharp—their darts the rattling hail.
"My children," he said, "my liege men bold, hearken to my command,
Meddlesome Spring is seeking again to enter my chosen land;
When last she stole on me unawares, and melted my jewels bright,
I swore—'not again in this our home should come the mischievous sprite;'
But despite my firm and just decree she would fain be working here,
So I order you all to drive her hence at the point of the sword and spear.
What care I for her bright green leaves, her buds and flowers so gay?
My mantle of snow and my icy gems are lovelier far than they;

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And sweeter far is the rushing wind, with its whistle keen and sharp,
Than the softest note that she can draw from the strings of her woodland harp.
Then hang my jewels on every bough and bid my north winds blow—
And lest she hide in the bosom of earth, go! cover it deep with snow;
I'll let her know a King I am—none shall dispute my sway—
I'll bind her fast in fetters of ice, and sweep her flowers away."
Then bowed they all at his behest, for a mighty King was he,
And each one swore, before his glance, the mischievous Spring should flee;
Old Boreas blew his rudest blast to meet the Southern breeze,
While the silent Sleet, as the rain-drops fell, with icicles decked the trees;
The Snow-clouds strove to veil the sun lest Spring should ride on his ray,
While the Hoar-frost sealed the earth like a stone to drive her thence away.
And over the earth a pall was cast—a pall of whitest snow,
Beneath whose folds all life was chilled, and Nature's pulse beat low,

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And when from his home on the wings of the storm the Ice King forth did ride,
He saw not a nook in all his land where he fancied Spring could hide:
Every shrub, and tree, and blade of grass, that peeped from the snowy pall,
Was cased in a silver sheen of ice, that the Sleet had laid on all;
The sun was hid by a murky cloud that hung like a gathering frown,
While the air was filled with the driving snow that ghost-like floated down,
And the breast of earth by the frost was raised, as though it heaved a sigh
For the genial warmth of prisoned Spring as the frigid King rushed by.
"Ha! ha!" he shouted, and dashing along, "this, this is the life for me,
The beauties of Spring, what are they, I pray, to old Winter's boisterous glee?"
And then in his joy he tossed the snow in many a drift and mound,
And rattled the ice boughs, falling fast, with a loud and crashing sound.
But he wearied soon of his stormy sport, and slept in his palace of snow;
"My liege men," he said, "can conquer Spring, for they hold all above and below."

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For awhile fast bound in an icy chain the deft-fingered fairy lay,
But she kissed the cold links, till one by one she melted them all away;
Yet she dared not then put on her robe of bright and living green,
Or wreath her brow with buds and flowers, for she felt the night-air keen;
But her gentle wiles each day she plied till Boreas faintly blew,
And the Snow-clouds melted before her smile, or one by one withdrew.
'Tis thus that woman gains her end—in weakness finds her strength,
By yielding wins her way to power, and reigns a queen at length;
Sweet is the music she can make, if with love's touch she play,
And chords will vibrate in his heart, who scorned her open sway;
The chilling frost that round it clings her tender love can melt,
If, like the breath of early Spring, that love, unseen, is felt.
Oft by a word, a smile, a look, she prompts to generous deeds,
While man benignly smiles, and led—still fancies that he leads.

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With timid steps the fairy moved, till lulled in tranquil rest,
The servants of the frigid King forgot his stern behest:
The silent Sleet first owned her power, first let his ice-darts fall,
As gently from the frozen earth she drew its snowy pall;
The Hoar-frost ceased to seal its breast, the fruit-trees burst
in bloom,
While the meek-eyed violet raised its head and breathed a
sweet perfume.
But alas! one day, in her earnest zeal, she bade her Zephyrs
blow,
And their balmy breath was wafted on to the Ice King's
home of snow.
"Ha, ha!" he cried, as he started up, "I felt the breath of
Spring,
The lazy Zephyrs fan my brow and birds begin to sing."
Then he called for a storm on which to ride, and swept o'er
the startled land,
While the Hoar-frost worked, and Boreas blew once more at
his command;
His ice-clad warriors rose from sleep at his chariot's rattling
sound,
They waved their gleaming swords on high, and scattered
their darts around;
They shook the trees in their stormy wrath, and the blighted
blossoms fell,
With their icy breath each velvet-bud they nipt ere it could
swell.

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The Hoar-frost lay on the springing grass and scorched its tender blade,
While the shivering mock-bird hushed its note, of the driving blast afraid.
Ah! often thus 'neath Death's cold hand, our brightest joys decay,
And like the bursting buds of Spring are blighted in a day!
Yet the wounded heart can better bear affliction's stormy night,
Than the lingering death its love must die if cold indifference blight.
But rouse! ye hearts that mourn o'er this, take courage from the fay,
And strive like her by loving wiles to melt this frost away.
She had bravely fought with the sleet and snow, the driving hail and rain,
She had stilled old Boreas' rudest blast, and melted his icy chain;
With her sunny smile, and her balmy breath, she worked with right good will,
Though the Hoar-frost keen in the silent night did terrible mischief still.
Around her steps lay blighted buds, and withered leaves and flowers,
Yet she proudly said, I'll never yield to the Ice King's cruel powers,

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For I'll hie me away to his frozen courts in my robe of brightest green,
And I'll fill his heart with such tender love, he'll woo me for his queen.

The Ice King sat on his sea-green throne, and his warriors round him came,
"What, ho!" he cried, "so the fairy Spring has entered my domain;
Did I not bid ye ward to keep, and guard 'gainst every device,
To bind her fast in the bosom of earth in an adamant chain of ice?
Ye are faithless servants, one and all,—go! meet her train once more,
While I myself, both night and day, will guard my palace door."
Then all day long, from gate to gate, he wandered up and down,
While dark and vengeful were his thoughts, and terrible his frown.
Like muttering thunder, deep not loud, his sounding murmurs rolled
Through his spacious courts, his vacant halls, his corridors lone and cold.

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He swore, in an iceberg, strong and clear, he'd prison the meddlesome fay,
And bind her fast to the Northern pole beyond the ken of day.
But now a distant step he heard—perhaps some warrior bold,
With news that his subtle foe lay dead, pierced by an ice-dart cold.
As he moved through the fluted columns of ice to the massy portals wide,
He little dreamed she was smiling then just on the other side;
But he knew her not, as there she stood, a maiden young and fair,
With the dewy buds of the pink moss-rose twined in her golden hair,—
In her tiny hand a harp she bore, and the music from its strings
Was the joyous song of the forest-bird, and the hum of the wild bee's wings;
Like sporting Cupids, by her side, attendant Zephyrs danced,
While the rugged King forgot his wrath, and stood like one entranced.
Meekly to him she raised her eyes of the deepest violet blue,
While a mantling blush stole o'er her cheek like the sunset's rosy hue.

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"I come," she said, "from a distant land, whence I fled
from a mighty foe,
A refuge I seek in your icy courts and palace of sparkling
snow."
"Enter, enter," the monarch said, "for a beautiful thing art
thou,
With thy robe of bright and living green, and the flowers
upon thy brow,
It well may be our foe's the same, the mischievous fairy
Spring,
But she's e'en more wicked than I deemed, if she hurt such
a lovely thing.
Nay, shrink not, fair one, from my touch," he said, and kissed
her brow,
"You have asked a home in my icy courts, a home and a
heart hast thou!"
Then he gazed again on the tiny sprite, till his heart began
to glow,
For love sprang up in his frozen breast, like violets in the
snow;
The rosy Zephyrs from his dress unheeded plucked each gem,
They bore his sceptre of ice away, and spoiled his diadem,
He did not see that his palace walls were melting fast
away,
He could only gaze with passionate love on that bright and
sparkling fay;

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She nestled close to his icy breast till his frozen heart did melt,
When he placed her fondly on his throne, and at her foot-stool knelt.
"Joy, joy!" she cried, "I've triumphed now! The Ice King kneels to Spring!"
He said not a word, but he bowed him low to the tiny radiant thing.
Ah! such is the power of Beauty I ween, that oft round the noblest soul,
She weaves in an instant a gossamer chain that gives her unbounded control,
And often where Intellect fails to subdue, by the light of her glorious smile,
A glance from a beautiful woman can bend the proud heart of man for a while,—
But let her not glory too much in the charm which over his spirit she weaves,
For oft to her sorrow she finds it as frail as the web that is hung on the leaves.
Cold, cold is the heart that never has felt the magical thrill of her power,
But if it is only the eye that is charmed, 'twill exhale like the dew from the flower;
For the bright charm of Beauty can never compare with that of the heart and the mind,
The one for a while man's fancy may snare, the other his spirit shall bind.

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Then speak not to me of the love of the slave that Beauty alone can control,
But give me the love the reason may own—the love of the heart and the soul;
For life gives us here no feeling so pure, so free from all earthly alloy,
As a woman's fond faith in the truth of such love—'tis surely an Eden of joy.

THE WIFE'S TWILIGHT HOUR.

I LOVE the quiet twilight hour,
Its dim and fading light;
I love to watch the closing day
Embrace the silent night.
His golden beam has disappeared,
Her reign has not begun,
When like a holy nuptial ring
The twilight makes them one.

To me it ever seems to be
A resting-place in life,
A quiet, happy, household hour,
With pure affection rife;

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Then Mem'ry from the shadowy past
Her priceless treasure brings,
Or o'er the future sunny Hope
Her softening radiance flings.

I love to draw the curtains close,
And by the fitful blaze
To sit and dream of absent friends,
Or muse on by-gone days;
Yet as I muse I listen too,
To catch the opening gate,
That I may meet HIM at the door
For whose dear step I wait.

As at the fall of even-tide
The worn and weary dove,
Bore to the Ark on Ararat
The olive branch of love;
So he who all day long has toiled
For wife and children dear,
Turns to the sacred Ark of Home
When twilight draweth near.

And while he braves the many cares
Which crest each wave of life,
Oh! let me make his own fireside
A haven from their strife;

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Full well he knows that Peace and Love
Are nestling in our home,
That *here* he'll find his olive-branch,
For *that* he need not roam.

He seeks to gather from the world
The Bay and Laurel now,
That with the Olive he may twine
A garland for my brow;
But what, compared with love like his,
Are honors, wealth, and fame;
Oh! if with that my brow is crowned,
The rest is but a name!

And from my proud, yet thankful heart,
There comes an earnest prayer,
That I may ever worthy prove
This priceless wreath to wear:
It riseth from life's flood of cares,
The first green thing on earth;
And none but those who've felt its want
Can ever know its worth.

But Mem'ry gently waves her wing,
And from the distant past,
She sweeps the shadowy clouds away
That Time would o'er it cast.

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Friends who are scattered far and wide,
Are gathering round me now;
I feel them gently press my hand,
Or lightly kiss my brow.

As summer winds draw music wild
From soft Eolian strings,
So all unbidden are the thoughts
Which to my heart she brings.
Drawn gently from its quivering chords,
Upon the breeze there floats
The sweetest music of my life,
And then, its wildest notes.

Again I am a little child,
Light-hearted and content,
Whose happy spirit runneth o'er
With joyous merriment.
Anon, a maiden young I stand,
"Where brook and river meet,"
And now the notes grow stern and wild,
Then soft, and low, and sweet.

Such are the thoughts which ever haunt
My quiet twilight hour,
When Hope and Mem'ry hand in hand
Exert their magic power.

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Then, do you wonder that I love
To sit, and dream away
This little link which joins the night
To busy, bustling day?

But now the evening lamp is lit,
And I can dream no more,
For childish voices speak to me,
And Father's at the door.
Yet as we gather round the hearth,
And take the evening kiss,
I hope that every dream may end
In happiness like this.

THE FARIES' DANCE.

How oft in the days of my childhood I read
Those wonderful tales of the Fays and their Queen,
And heartily envied the lives that they led,
For I firmly believed in their dance on the green.
Ah, well I remember that soft night in June,
When having discovered their ring in the grass,
Methought I would watch by the light of the moon,
And see if such wonders would still come to pass.

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As I opened my window and gazed on the night,
How lovely the vision that greeted my eye!
The leaves and the flowers were bathed in soft light,
While the "tears of the Angels" were sparkling on high.
The Genius of Darkness in silence reposed,
As wrapped in a mantle of moonlight he lay,
For gently the wings of the Giant had closed
Beneath the soft touch of that bright silver ray.

Ah! bright were the fancies that danced thro' my brain,
As I eagerly counted the stroke of the clock,
And hoped that my vigil would not be in vain,
But the Fairies would dance till the crowing of cock.
I listened—all nature lay hushed in repose,
When gently there stole from the bosom of earth
A strain of low music that swelled as it rose,
Till it seemed the outpouring of gladness and mirth.

At the sound of this music the flowers awoke,
I saw their bright cups in a moment expand,
When, lo! from these cells there suddenly broke,
As freed by some magic, a gay Fairy band.
From the depth of each blossom there came a fair elf,
Whom safe in its petals it guarded by day,
And kept closely prisoned in spite of itself,
Till their Queen gave the elfins permission to play.

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I watched a pure Lily its white petals spread,
I marked the long tube of the Woodbine unclose,
And forth from their centre whence perfume is shed,
The Queen and her lovely young maidens arose.
Every prison now opened, and out they came streaming
From the cells of each flower that bloomed in my view;
The air in an instant with Fairies was teeming,
Who all of them merrily sung as they flew.

"Oh, the fair moon is up, by her silvery light,
We Fairies may merrily dance on the green,
She hath bound in slumber the Genius of night,
And high in the heavens is reigning a queen.
Then Fairies away, 'tis the hour for play,
For laughter and gladness, for dance and for song,
We'll be merry and gay, till the break of the day,
If haply old Darkness shall slumber so long."

From the tuft of the scarlet Verbœna they sped,
From the bud of the Fox-glove all spangled with dew,
Like a cloud they arose from the Mignonette bed,
From the teeth of the Fly-trap they gallantly flew.
From the leaves of the Rose, from the Violet's cell,
From the depths of the Fuchia they merrily sprang,
They were hid 'mid the sweets of the Jessamine's bell,
And seemed on the Bachelor's Button to hang.

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They looked like the rapidly changing shade
Of the Rainbow's light in a summer shower,
Or the mingling hues by the sunset made,
For each was the tint of its favorite flower.
As butterflies oft in the heat of the day,
Upon the cool bank of some rivulet sport,
I marked to the ring they all fluttered away,
Where high in the midst the Queen held her court.

For hours I watched them, as round an old oak
They danced to the sound of that heart-stirring strain,
Till growing too noisy, old Darkness awoke,
And chid them all back to their flowers again.
In anger the Giant arose from his rest,
And from him his mantle of moonlight he cast,
Then frowned on the Moon till she sank in the west,
For she knew that her hour of triumph was past.

Ah, yes! it was ended, and Darkness again
Spread over the earth his broad wings for a while,
Till the goddess of Morn, as she rose o'er the plain,
Dispelled all his gloom by the light of her smile.
She dried up the tears of the Fairies that fell
In drops of fresh dew on the flowers around,
And I said in my heart as I bade them farewell,
I'm glad that I know where the Fairies are found.

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THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD.

"The home of my boyhood, my own country home,
I love it, I love it wherever I roam;"
Tho' long since my foot on its threshold was prest,
'Neath the roof of the homestead in spirit I rest,
While mem'ry recalls all its beauties to me,
And tints with her pencil the picture I see.

There stands the old barn where in childhood I played,
The forest, where oft with my brothers I strayed;
There lies the green meadow, where on the fresh hay
The long days of summer passed swiftly away;
There babbles the brook, as refreshing and cool
As when on its borders I loitered from school.

There wave the green oaks, in the depth of whose shade
The forms of my father and mother are laid;
But vain is the effort to think of them there,
My dear, gentle mother is in her arm-chair;
While hearty and hale in the autumn of life,
My father is sitting beside "the auld wife."

Time softens the picture I look upon now,
And few are the snow-flakes that rest on each brow,

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While round the old hearth-stone my brothers all stand;
Ere death on the fairest had laid his cold hand,
One sister I see thro' the vista of years,
But the glass of my mem'ry is darkened with tears.

In the evening of life, these scenes of my youth
Come back to my mind in their freshness and truth,
As the stars of the morn, tho' hid by the sun,
Shine bright when his course in the heavens is run;
Then, I looked to the future for comfort and cheer,
Now hope has departed and mem'ry is dear.

All, all have gone from me, the fair and the brave,
And lonely I stand on the brink of the grave,
Where the wife of my youth, her babe on her breast,
And brothers and sister have gone to their rest;
Not one in the homestead my coming shall greet,
Of those who were wont round its hearth-stone to meet.

One only desire still lives in my heart,
To see that old homestead before I depart;
To stand by the grave where my mother is laid,
And point out the spot where my own shall be made;
Then in the old house where I first drew my breath,
Sit quietly down till the coming of death.

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"NEMO SEMPER FELIX EST."

Oh! there are moments when my soul
From common things would soar away,
To wander free from all control,
Beneath the light of Fancy's ray.
Often when this spell is o'er me
Till my heart with joy's opprest,
Riseth up these words before me—
"Nemo semper felix est."

Slowly then my wandering mind
Yields to reason's sterner sway,
Leaveth Fancy's joys to find
Peace in duty's rugged way.
Calmer thoughts will soon succeed,
And my troubled soul find rest,
What tho' its wounds awhile may bleed—
"Nemo semper felix est."

Yet will murmuring thoughts arise,
When my fancies I restrain;
Duty calls them from the skies,
Pleasure leads them back again.

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And there's many a bitter hour,
When I murmur all unblest,
When those words will lose their power—
"Nemo semper felix est."

Thus with me there's constant strife,
'Tween my conscience and my will;
And thro' all my coming life,
Oh! may conscience triumph still!
Pain and pleasure both may reign,
Yet my soul can calmly rest,
Thinking when o'ercome with pain—
"Nemo semper felix est."

THE FUNERAL OF HENRY CLAY.

When the telegraph announced that the funeral procession of Mr. Clay was leaving Washington, the bells of our city were tolled and minute guns fired for the space of half an hour; during that time there came up a sudden shower, and as the cloud was low, the vibration of the air caused the drops to fall more quickly at each discharge of the cannon.

Toll on! ye mournful bells, toll on!
A mighty spirit's fled;
E'en Heaven itself is weeping o'er
The statesman lying dead.

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Boom on ! boom on ! ye minute guns,
And thro' the sounding air,
Up to his noble soul's abode,
A nation's sorrow bear.

The eagle of our land, whose wings
Spread o'er each ocean's spray,
Dropped from his grasp a noble dart,
When Death laid claim to CLAY !
He to the Stars and Stripes belonged,
No State can claim his name ;
The champion of our common flag,
He gained his world-wide fame.

No blood-stained laurels bound his brow,
He caused no tears to flow ;
His was the mighty strife of mind
Against his country's foe.
He never trimmed his noble barque
To catch the breeze of state ;
He scorned to watch its shifting vane,
Or for its sanction wait.

His voice full oft has stilled the strife
Which in our country rose,
And made the children of one land
To deem their brethren foes.

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Like Roman Curtius when the gulf
Yawned in the Forum wide,
He flung himself into the breach,
And calmed the angry tide.

His eagle eye saw at a glance
What course to honor led,
His mighty spirit never shrank
The patriot's path to tread.
Toll on! ye mournful bells, toll on!
Your sad funereal knell
Makes every ardent freeman's breast
With pride and sorrow swell.

We glory in the mighty mind
That flashed like lightning's play,
And *both* Americas shall weep
The loss of HENRY CLAY.
Boom on! boom on! ye minute guns!
As each discharge is given,
A shower of sympathetic tears
Falls from the arch of Heaven!

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LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE ADDRESS OF W. W. AVERY, ESQ., BEFORE THE TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES AT CHAPEL HILL, 1851.

All hail to thee, thou good old State, the noblest of the band,
Who raised the flag of Liberty in this our native land!
All hail to thee! thy worthy sons were first to spurn the yoke,
The Tyrant's fetters from their hands at Mecklenburg they broke.
No coward foresight they possessed, on peril's brink to pause,
Nor waited for a sister State to lead in Freedom's cause,
"Our lives, our fortunes," was the cry, "our honors and our all,
We lay upon our country's shrine, in answer to her call."
From every heart there rose a shout, "No longer will we lie,
Submissive at the tyrant's feet, we'll conquer or we'll die:—
For freedom and our liberties we'll brave proud England's host:"—
King's Mount and Guilford prove it was no braggart's idle boast.

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There England found a worthy foe her far-famed steel had met,
Firm as the rock our fathers stood, and crossed the bayonet; *
Locked in the fierce embrace of steel they bravely met their death;
Each bore his foeman to the ground, then yielded up his breath.
Ah, proudly throbs my heart to tell how nobly there they died,
A native of the Old North State, I hail with honest pride.
Nor less I glory in that band, that firm, unflinching band,
Who met in good old Mecklenburg, the chosen of the land;
With pride I number o'er the names of Polk, Brevard, and Reese,
Of Avery and of Graham,† and many more than these,
Who pledged their sacred honor, their fortunes, lives, and all,
"To spread the fire of Freedom," to conquer or to fall.
They broke the bands that bound them to the mother country's crown,
For it trampled on their freedom and strove to beat them down.

* The battle of Guilford was one of the few where bayonets were crossed.

† Signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

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Then rose our noble Davidson, our Lillington and Hewse,
And brave old Captain Jack, who to Congress bore the news
That the sacred fire of freedom, which at Lexington blazed high,
From the heights of good old Charlotte illumed the Southern sky.
Not less nobly did her daughters do their duty in the strife,
At Moore's Creek, the gallant Slocumb might glory in his wife.
Many others could I number, but time would fail to tell
Of the mother of our Gaston, the wife of our Caldwell;
Of stately Mrs. Wilson, who from Tarlton would not flee,
Of witty Mrs. Ashe, and her cutting repartee.
Ah! nobly did our parents adorn their native State
With many a deed of valor, too numerous to relate;
Their brave and generous actions placed a crown upon her brow,
But, ah! her younger children add but little to it now.
See, mournfully she standeth, the last in every good,
Save the honor of her children and their noble hardihood,
Virginia even dareth to stain her glorious name,
And say we forged the honors which from Mecklenburg we claim.
It was Jefferson who said it, full thirty years ago,
And as yet there's no historian to prove it was not so.

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Ye sons of Carolina, I bid you in her name
Devote your time and talents to retrieve her tarnished fame.
Ye are scattered thro' the Union, and by your sterling worth,
Are enriching every State save that which gave you birth;
Whatever your condition, wherever you are found,
In the ranks of the mechanic, or as tillers of the ground,
Among the learned professions, in the legislative hall,
As sailors, or as soldiers, ye excell in each and all.
For steady perseverance, for honesty and truth,
The sons of Carolina are famous from their youth.
Then why desert those mountains where first your ardent soul
Flashed forth the fire of genius unfettered by control?
Why leave her peaceful bosom, her rich and fertile soil,
To seek an El Dorado, for gold to dig and toil?
Ah! deep beneath her surface, she hideth many an ore,
Rich gold as pure as Ophir or California's shore.
I tell you ye are wanting in the noble pride of State,
Or you would not thus desert her and leave her desolate.
Ye *youth* of Carolina, I call upon *you* now,
To add one single jewel to the crown upon her brow;
You are entering, from her college, the battle fields of life,
And her fostering care has armed you right nobly for the strife.
Walk onward, then, to glory, seek literary fame,
And with the pen of History write Carolina's name.

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A. M. Veazey.

WOMAN.

Who hail'd the first approach of pride,
And listening while the serpent lied,
Consented to be deified?
'Twas woman.

Who by the tempter first betrayed,
Infringed the laws that God had made,
And all the world in ruin laid?
'Twas woman.

To whom was first the promise made,
That her illustrious conquering seed,
Should wound and bruise the serpent's head?
To woman.

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Who followed close her suffering head,
When foes combined and friends had fled,
And weeping stood where Jesus bled?
'Twas woman.

To whom did Jesus first appear,
To comfort, animate, and cheer,
With that blest sentence "do not fear?"
To woman.

Who published first the news abroad,
That Jesus, the incarnate God,
Had with success the wine-press trod?
'Twas woman.

There's none more easily deceived,
Nor yet more cordially believed,
With joy elated, sooner grieved,
Than woman.

Though in her these strange contrasts join,
There's naught on earth so near divine,
With heart so generous, just and kind,
As woman.

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Should it not be man's noble strife,
Early to choose and win a wife,
And smooth the rugged path of life
For woman?

Shame on that man who has no wife,
But holds, like Typhœus, constant strife,
While he might lead a happy life,
With woman.

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Warren W. Winslow.

WACCAMAW* BY MOONLIGHT.

MOONLIGHT on Waccamaw! the breeze
  Scarce makes a ripple on the lake;
The lingering sunbeam 'mid the trees
  Loiters as loth his leave to take,
And deeper dyes the autumnal hues
Of leaves already bathed in dews.
—Underneath yon aged tree
A fountain bubbles merrily,
Whose crystal waters serve to fill
The current of yon laughing rill,
That sweepeth murmuring along,
Like broken note of distant song,

* A lake in Columbus County, N. C.

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More sluggish as it onward goes,
Lulling itself into repose.

'Tis moonlight! what on earth so fair
As moonlight on the waters there?
When all fair things commingling, move
The soul of man to kindly love;
And o'er the soul whate'er hath power
Like beauty in the moonlit hour,
Where the closed lip hath been unsealed,
And the heart's mysteries revealed,
And love triumphant dares defy
Suspicion, fear, and jealousy.
A little word, a tiny word,
But faintly spoken, faintly heard,
A stolen glance, a smothered sigh,
A blushing look, a downcast eye,
Will touch a chord, and call to life
Feelings with which the heart is rife.

Upon thy bosom, Waccamaw,
Is mirrored every lustrous star;
And looking down upon thy stream,
One little curious, might deem
These are thy own bright stars he sees,
And chief the sisters Pleiades.
As if from Heaven they issued forth
To this, the loveliest spot on earth;

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In the vain hope they here might see
Their loved and long lost Merope.*

Ah! well sweet Waccamaw I deem,
As now thou art, so hast thou been,
Or time, which makes man's beauty less,
Has added to thy loveliness.
Years, years ago, when times were rude,
Where now I stand the Indian stood,
And saw in every shrub and tree,
And rock, and wave, a deity.
Perchance some maiden's heart to move,
He uttered here his tale of love,
And won a mate in peace and war,
His light, his hope, his guiding star.
But time's quick step has journeyed on,
Warrior and maiden, both are gone.

Thrice fifty years have passed, since roll'd
The fearful war-whoop o'er the wold;
Thrice fifty years since chief and sire
Were gathered to the council fire;
And scarce, sweet Waccamaw, a trace
Has time left of thy ancient race,

* Merope, the Pleiad who married a mortal.

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Now gone, like withered oak leaves given
To every breath and wind of heaven!
Thus, thus have passed away thy braves,
I tread upon their silent graves.

But Fancy's torch shall light the gloom
Which gathered o'er their early doom,
And Memory's taper fingers trace
Dim outlines of their fated race.
Mine, mine the pleasing task shall be
To illustrate their history,
And spread upon the page of story,
An Onca's love, a Wokow's glory.

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Seymour W. Whiting.

IANTHE.

Oh! if to die in life's young hours,
Ere childhood's buds are burst to flowers;
While Hope still soars on tireless wing,
Where skies are bright with changeless spring;
Ere Sorrow's tear has dimm'd the eye,
That late with rapture's glance was swelling;
Or grief has sent the bursting sigh
In silence to its lonely dwelling.
Oh! if to part with this world only,
Where all is cold, and bleak, and lonely,
To welcome in those happier spheres,
The loved and lost of parted years;
If this give pain, or waken sadness,
Oh! who can tell the more than madness

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Which circles thro' the hearts that bear
The chains that wounded spirits wear.
To live, and yet to feel thro' life
The aching wish, the ceaseless strife,
The yearnings of a bleeding breast,
To sink within the grave to rest;
To smile, when every smile must wear
The hue and coldness of despair;
To weep, or only strive in vain
To waken tears, that ne'er again
Shall cool the fever of that eye,
Whose fountains are for ever dry:
When joys are gone, and hope has fled,
And friends are changed, and love is dead,
And we are doomed alone to wait
And struggle with a bitter fate—
Left like some lone and towering rock,
To brave the ocean's battling shock,
Till broken by some mightier wave,
That bears it to a lonely grave.

My early years, how coldly bright
The mem'ry of their parted light
Falls round the heart whose chords are broken,
Or only strung to suffering's power,
When struck in griefs o'erwhelming hour,
They give to sorrow's touch a token.

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My sire, alas! they say he died
When in the flower of manhood's pride;
I stood beside that parent's bier,
And wondered why the big bright tear
Was coursing down my mother's cheek;
She took my hand, but did not speak—
I kissed her then, and sadly smiled,
Nor felt I was an orphan child.

My Mother! how the thoughts of years,
With all their smiles, and all their tears,
Rush with the memory of her name
Upon me—and I seem the same
Bright, careless child she looked upon,
And joyed to call her fair-haired son.
Oh! I remember well the time
She led me to our favorite bower;
'Twas in spring's sweet and sunny prime,
And just at sunset's dying hour,
When woods, and hills, and waters seem
Wrapt in some soft mysterious dream—
When birds are still, and folded flowers
Their dark green lids are peering through,
Waiting the coming evening hours
That each bright cup may then renew
The wasted wealth of morning dew.

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When spirit voices seem to sigh
In every breeze that wanders by,
And thoughts grow hushed in that calm hour,
Beneath its soft subduing power.
She knelt, and breathed to Heaven a prayer,
"That God would guard that orphan there;"
Then turned, and with a faltering tone,
She took my hand within her own,
And said "I ne'er should find another
To love me as she loved me then."
And I could only say "My Mother!"
And fall upon her neck again,
And bathe it with my burning tears—
The bleeding heart's most precious rain—
That I had hoarded there for years,
And hoped to never shed again.
I knew not then how soon the heart,
When all its early ties are parted,
Will link it to some kindred heart,—
That wounded bird and broken-hearted
Are soonest won, and cling the longest
To those who seek their ruined wealth.

* * * * * *

She died, and then, alas! I thought
My cup of suffering was o'erfraught—

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No voice to cheer, when sorrow's power
Assailed me in my darkest hour—
No lip to smile, when hope was bright,
No eye to glad me with its light,
No heart to meet my throbbing heart,
No prayer to lift my thoughts above,
When murmuring tears were forced to start—
No Father's care! no Mother's love!

Ye that have known in life's young spring,
The fondness of a Mother's love,
Oh! guard it, 'tis an holy thing,
A priceless treasure from above!
And when on life's tempestuous sea,
Thy shattered bark by storm is driven,
'Twill be a beacon light to thee,
A guiding star by memory given,
To lead thy wandering thoughts to Heaven.

The spring renews the leafless trees,
And time may check the bosom's grief—
And thus it wrought a change on me,
But, oh! mine hour of spring was brief.

There are who tell us "love's a flower,
That only blooms in cloudless skies,

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That gayly thrives in pleasure's bower,
But touched by sorrow, droops and dies."

Not so, was ours! we never loved
Till suffering had our spirits proved,
And then there seemed a strange communion,
Sinking our souls in deathless union:
Such power hath love to render dear
The hearts that grief hath made so near,
That we had loved each other less,
Save for our very loneliness.

Her gentle spirit was not formed
To war with stern misfortune's storm,
And soon we felt that day by day
She yielded to a slow decay,
Wearing, unseen, her life away.
And yet so sweet the smile that played
On lips that ne'er a sigh betrayed—
So calm the light that lingering slept
In eyes that ne'er for pain had wept,
We could not grieve, but only pray
That when that light should fade away,
The faint, sad smile might linger yet,
And vainly teach us to forget.

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She died! I know not when or where—
I never knew—for silent there
I stood, unconscious, strange and wild,
In all save thought and tears a child;
For sorrow's channels then were sealed,
Or flowed too deep to be revealed.

I stood beside her grass-grown grave,
And saw the boughs above it wave;
And then I felt that I was changed—
That reason, late so far estranged,
Had won me from my spirit's madness,
To settled grief and silent sadness.
I placed bright flowers above her grave,
And nursed them with my warmest tears,
And for my grief a balm they gave,
The memory of departed years.

Ianthe! o'er thy early tomb
The summer winds are gently blowing,
And fair, white flowers, the first to bloom,
Around thy narrow home are growing;
While o'er it twines the changeless myrtle,
Fit emblem of thy spirit's love;
And near it mourns the gentle turtle,
How like am I to that lone dove!

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While every leaf, and flower, and tree,
Is fraught with memory of thee.

But, oh! if true, who tell us death
Can never quench its purer fires;
That not with life's last faltering breath
The soul's immortal love expires;
If heart meets kindred heart above,
Shall we not greet each other there?
Say, was not ours a deathless love,
Too deep, too strong for life to bear?

Then let us hope to meet again
Ere long in guiltless transport there,
With bliss for all the grief and pain
We here on earth were doomed to bear;
And love on thro' unending years,
Unchecked by time, unchanged by tears.

SONG OF THE SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have looked for me long,
Ye meet me with laughter, and greet me with song;
Bright eyes are beaming with gladness and mirth,
Soon shall their brightness be dim upon earth.

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Ye are changed! ye are changed! since I met with you last,
And a blight o'er the bloom of your spirits hath passed;
Ye have given the rose for the lily's pale breath;
Bright ones of earth! ye have looked upon death.

I return with the pale and delicate flowers,
And the birds that have wandered far over the sea;
But I bring not the loved and the lost to your bowers;
They have faded from earth, and return not with me.

Where are the gentle, the lovely, and fair,
Whose clustering locks were untouched by care?
The laughing eye in whose radiance lay
No shadowy semblance of dull decay?

They are gone! they are gone with the parted year,
Ye have strewn pale flowers on the lowly bier.
Farewell! for I haste on my gossamer wing,
And the loved ones ye mourn for return not with spring.

SONG.

We may sport with the flower we have cherished,
And scatter its leaves to the wind,
And smile when its brightness has perished,
If its fragrance yet lingers behind;

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For spring shall return in its gladness,
And flowers shall brighten our way,
Nor waken one feeling of sadness,
For those we have broken to-day.

When our love for some bright star has faltered,
We may turn from its splendor away,
Nor fear its sweet smile will be altered,
That distance will darken its ray;
For it still will return on the morrow,
With its pure light to greet us again,
Undimmed by a shadow of sorrow,
Tho' we gaze on its brightness in pain.

But the wealth of the heart that is wasted,
We never may win it again,
And the cup whose bright waters we tasted
And scattered like warm summer rain;
Too often, alas! is found broken,
When we turn with a weary heart's fever
To win from its depths some bright token,
And we weep that 'tis wasted for ever.

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The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
God, and their country's right, their battle-cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep,
Than storied urn or monumental stone;
For *Law* and *Justice* guard their dreamless sleep,
And *Plenty* smiles above their bloody home.
'Tis a broken heart in their stillness to die.

I come from the midst of a changing world,
And the banner of Hope in my bosom lies furled;
I bring from the spoiler a mournful token,
The unfledged wing of my soul is broken.

There's a weight on my spirit too painful to bear,
A feeling of gloom that corrodes like despair;
And the Rose's rich tint, and the Violet's bloom,
Whisper we are nursed but to fade at thy tomb.

And there comes a sound on the summer breeze,
As it sweeps thro' the boughs of a thousand trees;
It is echoed back by the stars of night,
And the placid lake like a mirror bright.

Thou art not for earth, thou art not for earth,
And thou bear'st no part in its gladness and mirth;
Its moments of pleasure have ages of care,
And the love which thou seekest is never found there.

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For spring shall return in its gladness,
And flowers shall brighten our way,
Nor waken one feeling of sadness,
For those we have broken to-day.

When our love for some bright star has faltered,
We may turn from its splendor away,

ALAMANCE.

No stately column marks the hallowed place
Where silent sleeps, unurn'd, their sacred dust,—
The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

The rustic ploughman at the early morn,
The yielding furrow turns with heedless tread;
Or tends with frugal care the springing corn,
Where tyrants conquer'd and where heroes bled.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
The glorious stars stand sentinels on high;
While in sad requiem near their turfless graves,
The winding river murmurs mourning by.

No stern ambition nerved them to the deed,—
In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die,—

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The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
God, and their country's right, their battle-cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep,
Than storied urn or monumental stone;
For *Law* and *Justice* guard their dreamless sleep,
And *Plenty* smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame,
And as their country's glories still advance,
Shall brighter blaze o'er all the earth thy name,
Thou first fought field of Freedom, Alamance.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE EARLY DEAD.

"She is gone,
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng."
MRS. HEMANS.

How shall we mourn for thee, bright one departed,
Gone from our midst, with radiant beauty crowned;
How for the pure, the kind, the gentle-hearted,
An answering chord of sorrow's lute be found!
Oh! not with tears, we would not WRONG thee thus,
Joy should be thine, but grief alone for us!

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Have we not known thee in thy summer brightness,
Heard from thy lips the melody of song?
Shall we not miss thy step's ethereal lightness,
Long from the flowery walk and festal throng?
The gush of streams, and bird-notes wild and free,
And spring's first flowers, shall they not speak of thee?

Thou art gone, gone! from Life's dim pathway faded,
As falls soft music on the twilight air;
Thine eye's deep radiance, with no gloom o'ershaded,
Thy clustering locks untouched by aught of care;
Happy thou art, thus early called away,
Ere the fair flowers of hope had known decay.

We would not wrong thee then, nor vainly waken
One sordid wish, to win thee back to earth;
Tho' hearth, and hall, and bower are now forsaken,
And silence reigns where once gushed songs of mirth;
Oh! not with tears, we would not mourn thee thus;
Joy! Joy! for thee, but grief alone for us.

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THE UNKNOWN FLOWERS.

Oh! many are the unknown flowers,
By human eyes uneeen,
That bloom in nature's woodland bowers,
Of bright and changeless green.
Above them tower the forest trees,
And o'er them blows the gentle breeze,
And by them many a mountain stream,
Runs eddying through its banks of green,
And to each bud that o'er it bends,
A drop of pearly radiance lends;
Dashes its sides with snowy spray,
Then hurries on its course away.
The wood-bee revels on their sweets,
And 'neath their leaves the bright fay sleeps;
And by them bounds the gentle deer,
So full of life, so full of fear;
And birds with bright and azure wings,
And songs that say a thousand things,
Make music in those woodland bowers,
Those Edens of the unknown flowers.

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"THE LOVED AND LOST."

The dove of my bosom lies bleeding,
The hopes I once cherished are fled;
I gaze on their ruins unheeding,
Earth's brightest is low with the dead.

The eye that with rapture was beaming,
Is clouded in silence and gloom;
And those locks that like sunlight were gleaming,
Are damp with the dews of the tomb.

The smile that I sought as a treasure,
Is gone with the being who gave
To this bosom its throbbings of pleasure,
And my heart is with her in the grave.

Above her the wild flowers are growing,
They were nursed by the thoughts of her love,
They were wet by the tears that are flowing,
They will flow till I greet her above.

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Edward Warren.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE FINAL DEFEAT OF THE HUNGARIANS.

The banner of Freedom is trailing
All lowly on many a plain,
And the hearts of patriots failing,
Despair of its waving again;
For the hopes which told of a morrow
Are dimmed by oppression's dark breath,
And prove only beacons of sorrow,
Alluring to slavery and death.

Tho' loud shouts of triumph are ringing,
Throughout the green valleys of Gaul,
And pæans her children are singing
In joy at the monarchy's fall;

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Tho' covered with honor and glory,
The "land of the vine and the dance,"
Yet tyranny revels all gory
In the heart of "beautiful France."

And Erin, "bright gem of the ocean!"
Where now is thy patriot son?
What palm has his noble devotion
To country and Liberty won?
A convict, they firmly have bound him,
In an island far over the sea;
Where heedless of shackles around him,
His heart sorrows only for thee.

Now "Niobe's" pulses are leaping,
With visions of glory once more,
And hushed is the voice of weeping,
On her classic but desolate shore.
Alas! the bright dream is as fleeting
As the foam which floats on the surge,
And the shock of *Republicans* meeting
Is fair Freedom's expiring dirge.

Again the bright banner is streaming
From Hungary's mountains of snow,
And gay are its silver folds gleaming
In Liberty's transient glow!

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But fiercely the "Black Eagle" stooping,
A cloud o'er its brilliancy flings,
And leaves it all tattered and drooping
'Neath the blow of those terrible wings.

For Freedom the Magyars have striven,
Tho' bravely, alas! but in vain,
And round them still firm and unriven
Are the links of that festering chain;
But the page that's brightest in story,
Will tell what their valor has done,
Whilst o'er us in grandeur and glory
Rolls onward yon radiant sun.

Tho' tyranny's bosom be heaving
With joy at its victory now,
Still fame a green chaplet is weaving
To bind on each patriot's brow.
Tho' clouds of misfortune may lower
O'er Kossuth and chivalrous Bem,
Yet their deeds will, like monuments tower,
In honor immortal of them.

Oh! never were richer oblations,
Yet offered on altar or shrine,
Than the blood of these valorous nations,
Bright goddess of Freedom, on thine;

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And the din of that mighty commotion,
When the standard of Liberty fell,
Will roll down Eternity's ocean
Like the toll of a funeral bell.

I turn from this picture of sadness,
My country, with pleasure to thee,
Where, bathed in the sunshine of gladness,
Floats proudly the flag of the free;
Where peace and prosperity blending,
Fill thy children with joy and love,
And I join in the anthem ascending
To the source of thy glory above.

MUSINGS IN SPRING.

Spring her green vesture is flinging,
O'er all that of winter remains,
While the birds are merrily singing
To Heaven most musical strains;
Soft carols which peal from the bowers,
And float thro' the valley and plain,
Awaking the slumbering flowers
To beauty and fragrance again.

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Brightly the billows are flashing,
As proudly they roll o'er the sea,
And ever impatiently dashing,
The streamlets exult to be free.
Zephyrs are tenderly wooing
With kisses Earth's radiant brow,
And beauty and happiness strewing,
For Nature smiles graciously now.

Once this bright season of flowers
Could exquisite pleasure impart,
And with rapture these glorious hours
Fill to o'erflowing my heart.
Now I'm a stranger to gladness,
My bosom with anguish is wrung,
My spirit's familiar with sadness,
And all of its chords are unstrung.

Tho' rich and of fragrant perfume,
Are the blossoms in Nature's parterre,
A flower's forgotten to bloom
Exceeding the loveliest there.
Tho' gayly the warblers rejoice,
In notes full of musical glee,
I listen in vain for a voice
Far softer and dearer to me.

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I gaze on the opening roses,
I list to the murmuring stream,
While to me every beauty discloses
Some wreck of youth's transient dream.
Resistless they pass o'er me sweeping,
Hides gladness and joy 'neath its wave,
And leaves but the pleasure of weeping
O'er beauty and purity's grave.

I know that the angel once given
To teach me the lesson of love,
Has folded her pinions in Heaven,
And rests in the mansions above.
I know her pure spirit is dwelling
In realms where no sorrow is known,
And in glory exultingly swelling
The anthem of rapture alone!

Recall it I would not again,
From that clime of ineffable bliss,
To a world that's so fruitful of pain,
So barren of pleasure as this;
Yet its loss I must ever deplore,
And sadly in sorrow repine,
Till "life's fitful fever" is o'er,
And death's dreamless slumber is mine.

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THE MAID OF HONOR'S ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Away, away to the Northern zone,
Cold Winter's chilling blasts have flown,
The streamlets free from his freezing reign,
Leap laughing o'er the rocks again.
The snowy crown which Nature wore,
Now binds the brow of Earth no more,
And joyous Spring, with smiling train,
Comes tripping o'er the hill and plain.
Soft and low the balmy breeze,
Whispers life to the budding trees,
Awaking, as it sports along,
The merry warbler's sweetest song;
And lingering midst the arching bowers,
Drinks in the fragrance of the flowers,
Till gleeful strains, and perfume sweet,
And gentle gale together meet,
And blending, throw a joyous spell
O'er verdant lawn and woody dell
On this, the earliest morn of May,
At Flora's shrine we gladly pay
Our love and homage to thy sway,
And hail thee Queen of this bright day:

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We've gathered from the blooming bowers
The richest, rarest, sweetest flowers,
And made a crown of various hue—
Of roses bright, and violets blue,
Of daisies wild, and lilies fair,
To bind around thy golden hair.
Then, gentle, Queen permit me now
To place this garland on thy brow,
And may the lovely flowers which share
Their beauties with thy temples fair,—
The buds and leaves which cluster there
Prove each an amulet to care.
And as this crown encircles thee,
May guardian angels, maiden, be
About thy path, and ever spread
Their snowy pinions o'er thy head.
Then take, O Queen of love and flowers,
This sceptre, emblem of thy powers,
And ever 'neath its gentle sway
May clouds of sorrow pass away;
And may thy life, e'en as the stream
Which glitters in the golden beam,
Unruffled by a single wave,
Flow calmly onward to the grave.

Digitized by Google

WOMAN'S SMILE.

THERE is a star which brightly gleams
Calm in the sky above,
And throws o'er life its golden beams
Of happiness and love;
A beacon pure, whose radiant light
No lowering cloud confines,
Which in affliction's stormy night,
With heavenly lustre shines.

There is a star whose magic power
So firmly binds the soul,
That e'en in Joy's most sunny hour
We feel its sweet control;
A light which aye has clearer shone
When sorrows gloom our way,
Most beautiful, because alone
The harbinger of day.

That star, which from its dazzling sheen
Gilds life's remotest slope,
And throws o'er youth's resplendent scene
The rosy tints of Hope;

Digitized by Google

That light, whose soft and cheering ray
Glows brightly all the while,
And weaves this spell of potent sway,
Is peerless "Woman's Smile."

TO KATE.

I LOVE a little lassie,
The sweetest thing on earth,
Whose heart is ever beating
With happiness and mirth.
Oh! if a smiling angel
From Heaven ever flew,
'Tis sure this joyous creature,
With sparkling eyes of blue.

I love a little lassie,
A sweet and lovely child,
As ever yet on mortal
Affectionately smiled;
For, like the early flower,
Which blossoms in the spring,
So buds my little darling,
This merry-hearted thing.

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I love a little lassie,
With dark and curling hair,
Whose eyes are like the heavens
When no cloud is in the air;
And on whose cheek of dimples
Sweet smiles for ever play,
Far brighter than the sunshine
In balmy breathing May.

I love this little lassie
With affection ever true,
And, oh! it makes me happy
To think she loves me too;
For her witchery and charms
My heart and soul elate,
And the sweetest thing on earth
Is my lovely little Kate.

Digitized by Google

Sarah B. Winston.

THE CAMP-MEETING.

The following lines were suggested by reading a description of an American Camp-Meeting, written by the Rev. Mr. Hammet, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a native of Ireland.

Beyond the blue Atlantic wave
I met a friendly band,
Eager they listened as I gave
Accounts of this blest land;
Land of my nature's second birth,
The freest, happiest spot of earth.

"Describe to us," they cried, "the scene
Our brethren so much love,
Where the glad worshippers convene
Within the tented grove,
And from the rural altars rise
Their prayers and praises to the skies."

Digitized by Google

My fancy drew a sylvan vale
Between two mountain sides,
Where soft and silvery thro' the dale
A little streamlet glides;
And on its banks an arbor made,
Spread wide its thick and verdant shade.

'Twas night—the glittering lamps were hung
Along the sacred ground,
And streams of trembling lustre flung
The lofty grove around;
While far and wide their golden light
Gave dazzling lustre to the night.

Above, heaven's mild, majestic queen
Shone on the ruddy blaze,
And with her loveliest smile serene,
Sent down her softer rays,
As if a silvery veil were spread
Around a richly jewell'd head.

Thousands were gathered thickly there,
A still and solemn crowd,
Now seated, now in humble prayer
In meek devotion bowed;
And now their mingling voices raise
The swelling strain of sacred praise.

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I pictured on the mountain's brow
A lonely traveller,
Who starts, as from the vale below
The music meets his ear;
And pausing, views with glad surprise
The scene that bursts upon his eyes.

'Twas lovely; valley, rock, and hill,
Shone in the clear moonlight,
The balmy atmosphere was still,
The countless stars were bright:
All nature seemed in deep repose,
Save where that pealing anthem rose.

The strain had mystic power, it bore
A blest, transporting theme,
It rose from thousands to adore
The Majesty Supreme;
And bore the heart's rapt homage high
In thrilling cadence to the sky.

Such was the scene my fancy drew,
It gave my friends delight;
But, oh! ye faithful pilgrims few,
Say, were its hues too bright?
Oh! who can paint the peace and love
Of our own blest Camp-Meeting grove?

Digitized by Google

Anonymous.

THE PEDAGOGUE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Another Spring in its glory shall come,
All the fields with flowers adorning,
And the mocking-bird sing in his airy home,
With the lark, his song of the morning.

And Spring shall find thee as lovely as now,
As fair, as bewitching as ever;
A halo of charms shall encircle thy brow,
And thy loveliness bloom for ever.

Not a charm shall have fled, the rose's dye
Shall as playfully vary thy cheek;
And the languishing look of that soft blue eye,
Shall as feelingly, thrillingly speak.

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Thy lips shall as sweetly whisper of love,
And seal its deep truth with a kiss:
Ye Gods! if there's aught save the raptures above
That can solace a heart, IT IS THIS!

Oh! might I but pillow this head with its care,
And softly repose on thy breast;
How delicious to slumber in quietness there,
With this feverish spirit at rest.

How delightful to dream that one faithful heart
Responsive would answer to mine;
That the voice of a passion which knoweth no art,
Should find its own echo in thine.

But avaunt! bewildering, mischievous elf,
That haunts me with dreams so uncivil;
I must fly from the girl of my heart—from myself—
Or you'll drive me stark mad to the devil.

So a health to the girl of the bonny blue eye,
And a health to the lad who may win her;
But temper your raptures with one little sigh
O'er the fate of a Pedagogue sinner.

Digitized by Google

That form, beloved, he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Yet they are lovely as before,
And she is fair, "but where is he?"

Oh, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and Nature still.
But, ah! his home is not so fair,
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper "where is he?"

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair;
There sadness dwells and weeps alone,
For death displays his banner there.
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they? "and where is he?"

Digitized by Google

TO MARY.

Could aught beside my Mary's charms
Ambition's fierce impulse allay;
Not grandeur, nor the pomp of arms,
Could with such power my bosom sway.

What tho' a wealthless lot be mine,
Which early dooms my youth to toil;
Delighted, I would ne'er repine,
Might I but win my Mary's smile.

Talk not to me of glory's dream,
Of pleasures changing, ever new;
Compared with Mary's smile, they seem
Deceitful as the morning dew.

'Tis true they say a smile may cheat,
And e'en a kiss be treacherous too;
But, oh! that breast would scorn deceit,
Would ne'er beguile a youth so true.

And now let dotards scoff at love,
Let captious prudes its joys deride;
By Nature and by Heaven approved,
It sweetly walks by Virtue's side.

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LINES.

When Mary bids me wield the pen
That poets only should employ,
I cannot deem my labor vain,
If I her pleasing smile enjoy.

Presumptuous wight I sure would be,
To tempt Parnassian heights unknown;
But mightier far than proffered fee,
Is Beauty's mild behest alone.

The theme, if it be mine to choose,
Shall be thyself, thou lovely fair;
What nobler theme for any muse
Than Mary's various beauties are.

I'll sing thine eyes' cerulean blue,
Ringlets that wildest youth may snare;
Thy cheeks that shame the roses' hue,
And drive thy rivals to despair.

But beauty, says the sage austere,
Is but a brilliant, fleeting flower,
That dwells not e'en with short-life here,
And naught avails in dying hour.

Digitized by Google

This is too true, my fairest friend,
Your poet seeks not to beguile;
Remember that a righteous end,
Is far more worthy of your toil.

SWANNANOA.

Swannanoa, nymph of beauty,
I would woo thee in my rhyme;
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river,
Of our sunny southern clime!
Swannanoa, well they named thee,
In the mellow Indian tongue;
Beautiful* thou art most truly,
And right worthy to be sung.

I have stood by many a river,
Known to story and to song;
Ashley, Hudson, Susquehanna,
Fame to which may well belong.
I have camped by the Ohio,
Trod Scioto's fertile banks,

* Swannanoa in the Cherokee signifies beautiful.

Digitized by Google

Followed far the Juniata,
In the wildest of her pranks.

But thou reignest queen for ever,
Child of Appalachian hills;
Winning tribute as thou flowest,
From a thousand mountain rills.
Thine is beauty, strength-begotten,
'Mid the cloud-begirded peaks,
Where the Patriarch of the mountains*
Heavenward for thy water seeks.

Through the laurels and the beeches,
Bright thy silver current shines;
Sleeping now in granite basins,
Overhung by trailing vines;
And anon careering onward,
In the maddest, frolic mood;
Waking with its sea-like voices,
Fairy echoes in the wood.

Peaceful sleep thy narrow valleys,
In the shadow of the hills;
And thy flower-enamelled border,
All the air with fragrance fills.

* Black Mountain.

Digitized by Google

Wild luxuriance, generous tillage,
Here alternate meet the view;
Every turn through all thy windings,
Still revealing something new.

Where, O graceful Swannanoa!
Are thy warriors, who of old
Sought thee at thy mountain sources,
Where thy springs are icy cold?
Where the dark-browed Indian maidens,
Who their limbs were wont to lave
(Worthy bath for fairer beauty,)
In thy cool and limpid wave!

Gone for ever from thy borders,
But immortal in thy name,
Are the red men of the forest,
Be thou keeper of their fame.
Paler races dwell beside thee,
Celt and Saxon till thy lands;
Wedding use unto thy beauty,
Linking over thee their hands.

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MY CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Ye who for woes besides your own,
Have any tears to spare,
Come weep with me—I've lost my *all*—
My Castles in the Air!

Their thrones and kingdoms kings have lost,
And crowns that they did wear;
But none hath met such loss as mine—
My Castles in the Air!

O, they were grand as summer clouds,
And gloriously fair;
But Time's broad wing hath swept away
My Castles in the Air!

The Spring adorns the earth again,
When Winter lays it bear;
But never more may I behold
My Castles in the Air!

O, Hope, sweet Hope, where art thou fled?
And thou, O Fancy, where?
Alas! can ye no more rebuild
My Castles in the Air?

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THE KATYDID.

BY A BOY OF FOURTEEN.

When Sol his daily course has run,
And set him in the west;
When moon and stars their light resume,
And man returns to rest;—
When Nature sinks in calm repose,
And Vesper rules the orb;
When growing darkness all things clothes,
And reigns a sovereign lord;
When sleep all nature doth restore,
And man is free from care;
When songs of birds are heard no more
To mingle in the air:—
Then from the place where it is hid,
Some little prattler strays,
And sings, and tells us Katy did,
But this is all it says.
Come, little mocker, tell, I pray,
Is this your story true,
Of which you speak from day to day;
Say, what did Katy do?
Did she her lover dare deceive,
Or scorn his proffered love?

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Did she her tender parents grieve,
And disobedient prove?
Or did she lead a virtuous life,
From every failing free,
And quench the coals of growing strife
Where'er she them might see?
The sun shall rise and light the world,
And moon and stars be hid;
But it will never add one word,
To tell what Katy did.

WOMAN'S POWER.

Oh! tell me not that woman's weak,
Inconstant, or unkind;
Though flippant writers often speak
As though dame Nature's master-freak
Was moulding woman's mind.

Around the sufferer's lowly bed,
When palls the hearts of men;
When science fails, and hope is fled,
And helpless lies the dying head,
Oh! who is constant then?

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Who watches with a tireless eye,
The faintly-heaving breath?
Who hovers round, for ever nigh,
To catch the last expiring sigh,
And soothe the pangs of death?

When disappointment sinks the soul,
And round us troubles throng;
When grief exerts its wild control,
And sorrow's stormy billows roll;
Then, then, oh! who is strong?

Man sinks beneath misfortune's blow,
And hope forsakes his breast;
His boasted powers are all laid low,
His strength is swallowed up in woe,
When not by woman blest.

But she can cheer his drooping heart,
And rouse his soul again;
Can bid his cankering cares depart,
And by her smiling, artless art,
Can soothe his keenest pain.

Is woman weak?—go ask the sword,
The weapon of the brave,

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Whose look, whose tone, whose lightest word,
Though e'en but in a whisper heard,
Commands it as her slave.

Go ask man's wild and restless heart,
Who can its passions quell;
Who can withdraw hate's venomed dart,
Bid malice and revenge depart,
And virtue in it dwell.

If woman's weak, then what is strong?
For all things bow to her;
To her man's powers all belong,
For her the bard attunes his song,
Her truest worshipper.

Woman, a fearful power is thine,
The mission to thee given,
Requires a strength almost divine,
A bosom that is virtue's shrine,
A soul allied to Heaven.

Digitized by Google

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Alone upon a mountain top I stood,
And gazed upon a scene of wild romance;
Hill rose o'er hill successive, wood o'er wood,
And Nature's grandeur filled the wide expanse.
Rocks piled on rocks in giant heaps arose,
Until the blue heavens they seemed to pierce;
While vap'ry mist upon their summits froze,
And round them howled the blasts and whirlwinds fierce.

Below me far and wide the forest spread,
Apparently one solid mass of green;
And little brooks, each like a golden thread,
Reflected back the sun's resplendent sheen.
Down dark ravines the headlong torrents rushed,
And leaped and foamed along their rugged ways;
While little fountains from their sources gushed,
And sparkled in the noontide's burning rays.

I bent me o'er a precipice, and gazed
Down on the bald and barren rock below,
That like a mass of burnished silver blazed,
All wet with water oozing from its brow.

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The hardy houseleek scattered here and there,
Found in the cracks and crevices a hold;
And in luxuriant bunches flourished where
The wild winds warred in regions ever cold.

Torn off by lightning strokes and earthquake shocks,
In rugged piles were heaped before my view,
Rough fragments splintered from the mighty rocks,
While scrawny, stunted shrubb'ry round me grew.
The pheasant drummed upon the fallen pine,
Like thunder rolling in the distant heaven;
And drove the insects from their wooden shrine,
By their own fears into destruction driven.

The deadly rattlesnake within some nook,
Where, in the sunshine warm, he basking lay;
Roused by the noise in wrath his rattles shook,
And glanced around, coiled ready for his prey.
Far in the distance fields of waving grain,
With reapers busy at their work appeared;
Their wild hurrah, their laugh, their merry strain,
All mingling in one joyous sound I heard.

Below me passed a little scudding cloud,
Swept swiftly onward by a fresh'ning gale,
Which, folding round the mountain like a shroud,
Shut from my view the forest and the vale.

Digitized by Google

This passed, and from the vale and mountain side,
In whitish wreaths the mists around me curled,
Dense masses rolling up and spreading wide,
Like spirit-banners to the breeze unfurled.

But as it rose where winds more fiercely blew,
In scattered wreaths of every shape and form;
It disappeared upon the welkin blue,
To mix and mingle with some future storm.
Far reaching thro' the clear unclouded air,
My eye, unwearied, roamed the prospect o'er;
Nature was there unveiled, and all was fair,
And feelings rose I ne'er had felt before.

Oh, Thou! who reared aloft these mighty piles,
So great, so grand, so fearfully sublime!
With sternest frowns, bright beauty's sweetest smiles,
Gloriously blending throughout all time:—
Oh! who would not his homage to thee yield,
When he reflects that thy Omnipotence
From such stupendous grandeur stoops to shield
His insignificance—be his defence.

Digitized by Google

"PRESUME NOT GOD TO SCAN."

When I the mid-day sun behold,
His full round orb of fluid gold,
In vain I strive to fix my gaze
On so intense and bright a blaze;
Man's feeble vision cannot bear
The king of day's meridian glare.

So, oh! thou Maker of the mind,
Thee when my powers essay to find;
When I thy *essence* seek to know,
And *what* thou art, and *whence*, and *how*;
Dazzled, o'erwhelmed, and lost in light,
The fruitless search exhausts me quite.

It is not thus when rests my eye
On objects fair that round me lie;
On fields, and flowers, and fruits, and trees
And living things I look with ease;
And find as much on every hand,
Of God, as I can understand.

Then let me only studious grow,
Of what was *meant* for me to know,

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Nor vainly stretch my bounded thought,
To grasp more knowledge than I ought;
Something is found by those who find
The real limits of the mind.

I am not sure if more I knew,
Of hidden things than now I do,
That I should aught the happier be,
Or God be better pleased with me;
And on this base all ethics rest,
That *Heaven approve* and *man be blest.*

TO SCOTLAND.

My heart is with thee, romantic land,
Thy vales of the fairy queen;
My heart is with thy rugged strand,
And with thy mountains' sheen!

And oft I think of thy lonely dells,
And oft of thy forest glades,
Where the echo of song its cadence swells
Through thy wilderness of shades!

Digitized by Google

The beetling crag, and the lonely tower,
Are emblems too of thee;
Where the owlet hoots at the midnight hour,
Or the gull screams o'er the sea.

And sweet are thy lawns of heath and broom,
And dear is the forest tree;
Long, long may thy flowers and emblems bloom,
And aye be dear to thee!

Romantic land! the muse has sung
Full many a strain of thee;
Rapture has dwelt on the minstrel's tongue,
And glow'd in his melody.

And the lay which rung on thy heath-clad hills,
And charmed thy verdant shades,
Is a lay which beauty ever fills,
Of valiant hearts and blades.

Of high emprise, of deeds of arms,
Of minstrels' sounding lyres;
Of stately knights, of maidens' charms,
Or a song of household fires!

Romantic land! romantic land!
Oh, for thy vales of green!

Digitized by Google

I long to see thy rugged strand,
And to greet thy mountains' sheen!

There would I strike my humble lyre,
Amid thy groves of song;
And all youth's wild and burning fire,
Should swell the strain along!

My heart is with thee, poetic land!
Thy vales of the fairy green;
I long to greet thy rugged strand,
And to hail thy mountains' sheen!

THE PINE-TREE AND THE VINE.

[From the Raleigh Register of 1804.]

BY T R. S.

Beneath the Pine's majestic head,
A Vine her humbler branches spread;
The juicy fruit in clusters hung,
The gently quivering leaves among;
Whilst tuneful birds were perch'd around
Her stem with luscious berries crowned.

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At length, with many a hollow groan,
The Pine-tree thus began his moan:
"No songsters hither bend their flight,
Or on my creaking boughs alight;
No herds oppress by scorching sand,
Beneath my waving shadow stand;
But here the night-owl horrid screams
Oft as the moon withdraws her beams,
Or boist'rous storms my branches tear,
And whirl the scatter'd leaves in air.
When peals on peals of thunder roar,
Far echoing from the distant shore,
When the blue lightning streaks the sky,
How do I dread destruction nigh?
Whilst yon mean shrub that creeps along,
Listens to many a warbler's song."

"Cease," cried the Vine, "nor grieve in vain,
For what you never can attain;
Were you like me of humble birth,
Doomed as it were to sweep the earth;
Nor howling winds, nor beating rain,
Nor flashing skies could give thee pain."

So, when beneath the pond'rous weight
Of civil discord in a state,

Digitized by Google

The great bend low with care opprest,
In fruitless search of banished rest;
Sweet peace still glads the rural cell,
Delighted there alone to dwell;
Where far from noisy pomp and pride,
Health, joy, and happiness reside.

EVENING PRAYER.

BY AN ORPHAN, AGED SIXTEEN.

Alone, alone! no other face
Wears kindred smile or line,
And yet they say my Mother's eyes,
My Father's brow is mine;
And either would rejoice to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I hear them name my Father's death,
His tomb beyond the Southern wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside a youthful Mother's grave.

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I wish I could recall *one* look,
But only one familiar tone;
If I had aught of memory
I should not feel so *all* alone.

My heart has gone beyond the grave
In search of love it cannot find,
Till I can fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My Mother! does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant orbs on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou, beloved one, e'er wish
Our earthly love again to share?
Oh! I have knelt beside thy grave,
And prayed to be a sleeper there.

'Tis eventide—the vesper bell!
I will not weep, but I will pray;
God of the fatherless! 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay.

Digitized by Google

Earth's meanest flower, heaven's brightest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love;
And I will say "Thy will be done,"
And fix my better hopes above.

ASPEN LEAVES.

Every leaf is laughing gladly
On the golden tinted trees;
All their bright cheeks kiss the sunshine,
Kiss the sunshine, love the breeze.
Some are beckoning on the summer,
Tossing high their graceful arms,
Dancing, singing with love's murmur,
Wooing her with endless charms.
But while other trees are laughing,
Stands the lonely Aspen-tree,
Trembling, quivering; sighing, shivering,
With some inmost agony.
Breeze and sunshine cease caressing,
She remembers glories gone;
And the music madly thrilling,
That she loved in life's young morn.

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Thus the Aspen leaves resemble,
With their trembling, quivering thrill,
Hearts that ever must remember,
But must love and sorrow still.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. FRANCIS NASH.

The subjoined lines are copied from the original draft, which has been handed to us by a friend. The date of the paper, with the locality in which it was written, the stirring events commemorated, and the distinguished subject, will render the lines acceptable to those who take pleasure in reminiscences connected with our Revolutionary struggle. Of the accomplished gentleman and soldier to whom the lines are intended as a tribute, it is not necessary for us to speak; his active patriotism, and his gallantry in the bloody battle of Germantown, in which he fell, will render his memory dear to North Carolinians. The lines, with the preliminary remarks, were written by Lieut. Col Alexander Martin, who, at the close of the war, became the Governor of the State, and afterwards a Senator of the United States. They were inscribed to Col. Thomas Clark, who commanded the first North Carolina battalion, and succeeded to Gen. Nash's command. Gen. Nash was wounded on the 4th of October, 1777, and died on the 7th, and the lines were written in camp on the 30th of the same month.

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"Died, on the 7th of this instant, of his wounds which he received on the morning of the 4th, as he was gallantly leading on his Brigade to charge the enemy near Germantown, the Honorable Brigadier General FRANCIS NASH, of the State of North Carolina. The genteel figure of his person, added to his easy and engaging manners, gained him the affection of all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In him the army has lost a promising General, of which he gave a glorious proof, and he is justly to be lamented by all the friends of America."

GENIUS of Freedom! whither art thou fled?
While fields of death thy sons undaunted tread,
Lo, where for thee thy brightest heroes fall,
And not thy shield to ward the winged ball.

On Bunker's height great Warren is no more;
The brave Montgomery's fate we next deplore;
Princeton's fam'd fields to trembling Britain tell,
How, scored with wounds, the conquering Mercer fell;
New England's boast, the generous Worster, slain,
Demands our tears, while Britons fly the plain.
Last flow our sorrows for a favorite son,
Whom, weeping, Carolina claims her own,
The gallant Nash, who, with the fatal wound,
Though tortured, welt'ring on the hostile ground,
"Fight on, my troops," with smiling ardor said,
"'Tis but the fate of war, be not dismay'd."

High Heaven ordain'd for great designs this woe,
Which, till the destined period, none must know.

Digitized by Google

Heroes of old thus for their country stood,
Raised mighty empires, founded with their blood;
In this new world like great events must come;
Thus Athens rose, and thus imperial Rome.

Inscribed to Col. THOMAS CLARK, of the first North Carolina Battalion, by his friend and most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. MARTIN.

CAMP, near Germantown,
October 30th, 1777.

THE END.

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